The Saturday Review of Literature

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Reflect upon your present blessings — of which every man has many — not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. Fill your glass again, with a merry face and contented heart. Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry, and your new year a happy one!

— Charles Dickens

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Where do the books go?

A FEW days ago we received a letter from the INFANTRY JOURNAL, a periodical which has earned our deep respect. The JOURNAL is compiling a list of war books still in print, to satisfy the growing number of requests from returning service men who now want to find out, from books, what all the shooting was for.

The letter, plus the noticeable boom in war books—which were, like Mark Twain, prematurely pronounced dead last August—drew our mind irresistibly to a messy magpie nest in a corner of our desk drawer. These smeary papers are spare carbon copies of orders that we riffle through regularly to keep tabs on how our books, old and new, are selling. As the blackening finger moved, day after day, we got interested not only in which of the books were being bought, but in who was buying them.

Obviously there was nothing surprising in the Army's buying quantities of Bill Mauldin's UP FRONT, or of GENERAL IKE, or even of books like THE FUTURE OF EUROPE, REPORT FROM RED CHINA, and THE GERMAN TALKS BACK. What tickled us was their orders for SILVERSIDES (What is the Army doing with submarines?), PROPAGANDA, VALERY (a juvenile about a cow in a bedroom), and PARENTS CAN LEARN (which is just what you would expect). We are happy to note that the Army buys Robert Frost's A MASQUE OF REASON, but they also ordered A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE, CYRANO DE BERGERAC, and lots of BARNABY.

Individual soldiers send in orders, as do sailors, and our files are filled with APO's and FPO's to which have gone French and German grammars and refreshers, Mackinder's DEMOCRATIC IDEALS AND REALITY, Cohen's A PREFACE TO LOGIC, and copies of A DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. The INFANTRY JOURNAL itself ordered a book of short stories by Jacland Marmur called SEA DUTY, and the U. S. Cavalry Association bought the doughfoot's HERE IS YOUR WAR by Ernie Pyle. The American Merchant Marine Library Association has catholic tastes which include both SAMUEL JOHNSON and GENERAL IKE, while the OWI with the whole world for its province buys HUSKY (an Alaskan adventure story), the juvenile POCO series, ASIA ON THE MOVE, and AT HOME WITH CHILDREN.

Whenever we hit an order from Prisoner of War Exchanges or Funds, we always slow up to read it. The PW's have tens of our HISTORICAL ATLAS OF THE UNITED STATES, histories of the U. S., and UP FRONT. Those ought to help re-educate them.

Then it pleased us to watch one or two fast-selling titles. TALKING RUSSIAN BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, by Swadesh, has gone all over the map from Fairbanks, Alaska, to the office of the Council of American-Soviet Friendship. South and Central American bookshops have stocked it heavily, and perhaps there's a lesson lurking in that. Heinrich Hauser says in his THE GERMAN TALKS BACK that Germany will eventually turn to Russia, but so far we have no requests from Germany for the Swadesh book. Where Hauser's own book has gone is fascinating—to the Society for the Prevention of World War III, to the U. S. Merchant Marine, to the United Kingdom Treasury Delegation, to PW camps, to Mexico, to the French Naval Mission in Washington, to Cork, Ireland, to a man at the headquarters of the OSS, to Colombia and Buenos Aires, and to a gentleman with a Chinese name living in Wisconsin.

Our final little pile is the most amusing of the lot—a mishmash, as Mrs. Kingsley has it in the Double Crostics. It consists of individual orders in which the combination of the buyer plus the book made us think in strange tangential paths. The U. S. Penitentiary in Georgia ordered UP FRONT and MY LIFE TO THE DESTROYERS. A soft drink manufacturer ordered EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY. The United States Rocket Society ordered a quantity of Charles Fort's works—and it's a pity Mr. Fort can't know and relish that fact. The ILGWU orders children's books, and the U. S. Naval Academy gets WAR AND ITS CAUSES. Airplane companies have bought BEFORE YOU FLY and SOLVING PERSONAL PROBLEMS, a CPA buys THE RIVER MATHEMATICS. Australian shops order REPORT FROM RED CHINA and LIBERAL EDUCATION, and Capetown buys PROPAGANDA and A PREFACE TO LOGIC. The Waves order UNDERSTANDING THE ADOLESCENT GIRL and the Soviet Purchasing Commission buys ASIA ON THE MOVE. The Red Cross buys hundreds of BARNABY AND MR. O'MALLEY and we hope the readers will love them both.

We could go on like this for quite a time, through the ever-changing mosaic of where the books go, but we have to make up that list for the INFANTRY JOURNAL.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The New Sin

JEROME FRANK

ALMOST a half century ago — in 1896 — Simon Patten, a great American economist and philosopher, declared that, thanks to science, potentially the world had passed from a pain economy, a deficit economy, an economy of scarcity, to a pleasure or surplus economy. Until the coming of the industrial revolution, he said, production of goods had been so limited by the available tools that escape from poverty had been impossible for the overwhelming majority of human beings. They had been obliged, by inescapable economic conditions, to submit to poverty. Constantly menaced by a deficit, they lived in fear, and their morality was accordingly founded upon that fear. Men's dominant motive was to escape destruction, threatened either by nature's niggardliness or by conquest by human enemies seeking a larger share of scarce goods. But, said Patten, the new machine age—the age of applied modern science—by solving the problem of production had made poverty an anachronism. Recurring to this theme in 1906, he quoted Kropotkin who, in the early '90's, had written:

> For the first time in the history of civilization, mankind has reached a point where the means of satisfying its needs are in excess of the needs themselves. To impose, therefore, as has hitherto been done, the curse of misery and degradation upon vast divisions of mankind, in order to secure well-being for the few, is needed no more; well-being can be secured for all, without overwork for any. We are thus placed in a position entirely to remodel the very bases and contents of our civilization—provided the civilized nations find in their midst the constructive capacities and the powers of creation required for utilizing the conquests of the human intellect in the interest of all.

The dream of such a world had been entertained long before the nineteenth century. In the sixteenth, Thomas More, in his Utopia, had dreamed such a dream. But in More's day it was but a fatuous dream, since the means of actualizing it did not exist. In the latter part of the eighteenth century Thomas Jefferson voiced the philosophy of a surplus economy when, in the Declaration of Independence, enumerating man's "inherent and unalienable rights," he prominently included "the pursuit of happiness." But when Jefferson thus wrote we were in the early stages of development of the new technology, a development the implications of which he never fully imagined. Somewhat later, two great American economists, Mathew and Henry Carey, encouraged by observing the effects of American industrialism, announced that the law of diminishing returns was a nasty piece of English goods which America should refuse to import. They recognized that science had made nonsense of eighteenth-century pessimism. Since Patten was a disciple of the Careys, I think we can claim his idea as one made in America.

In 1912 Walter Weyl, in his book, "The New Democracy," acknowledging his indebtedness to Patten, popularized Patten's idea. Through Weyl, Theodore Roosevelt became acquainted with that idea and built it into the platform of the Progressive Party. In 1919 Veblen, pointing to our stepped-up production in World War I, underscored that thesis. And the New Deal—in many ways the heir of Teddy's Square Deal and New Nationalism—embodied that notion in its oft-repeated slogan of an "economy of abundance."

But that concept has not become vivid for most of us. It has been dealt with as if it were no more than a bit of picturesque rhetoric. Why?

There are many reasons. What we loosely call "inertia" is a factor: The hold of old modes of thinking is tight, difficult to shake off. Novelties have a hard time making their way against the rigidities of habit. Moreover, some of our economic and social institutions are geared to a pain economy. The full emergence of a surplus economy necessitates some drastic institutional adjustments. There results a fear of plenty.

Let me illustrate. It was in 1933, I think, that someone suggested that it would be calamitous should scientists invent a single machine which, run by a half-dozen men, could supply the material needs of all mankind. For, it was said, such a machine would cause universal unemployment as a result of which everyone would starve. Of course no such machine is in sight. But it is surely symptomatic of a grave defect in our attitudes that it can seriously be thought that such a contrivance would be a calamity. That attitude needs careful attention. For if we harness scientific ideas and methods now available—and here I exclude atomic energy—we will slowly move towards something like that invention. Even without a deliberate concerted program, every year witnesses the introduction into industry of new machines which turn out more and more goods with less and less human effort. To be sure, as millions of men, for a long time to come, will have extensive, unsatisfied economic wants, labor-saving machines, under adequate guidance, need not spell widespread unemployment. As, however, the machines grow more efficient, the number of hours of labor per man will grow increasingly fewer, so that living standards can rise while the hours of labor required for economic purposes can be reduced. Push that line of thought in your imagination to its logical conclusion and you reach a time when machines will fill all important economic needs with virtually no labor.

THAT time is so far away that we need not concern ourselves with its practical consequences. But the crucial point is this: If we should wisely and systematically apply even our present store of scientific knowledge to the production of goods, then

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probably by the end of this century most of the human race would enjoy a very considerable measure of material well-being with no one spending more than a few hours a day on economic activities. Atomic energy can only speed up that process.

I doubt whether inertia can alone account for the dread of plenty. I think that a far deeper, stronger root of that dread is to be found elsewhere: Our culture is permeated with a centuries-old asceticism that makes us shudder at the prospect of a society in which most men and women would have many hours of leisure. Most of us regard as a curse a semi-leisure civilization, affording to all men the opportunity for long stretches of un-irksome activities.

I could write a book on that subject. Indeed, I've written two, one published in 1938 and one published this year, several months before we had heard of the atomic bomb. I shan't repeat here at length what I said in those books. I shall merely quote these few sentences: "Because of the subtle and pernicious effects of the ascetic mood, we actually fear to contemplate the blessings of leisure. With intelligence we can, inside a democracy and under a profit system, constantly reduce the toil of the great majority of our citizens and arrive at something like the leisure society of which Thomas More dreamed in the sixteenth century. Doubtless, the transition to such a society will cause dislocations, provoking many new and difficult problems involved in the distribution of the national income. Those problems, however, are not insoluble. Our major difficulty is this: We are emotionally blocked by our asceticism to such an extent that we are fearful of solving those problems; for, if and when we solve them, then all our citizens will be members of the leisure class—and, unconsciously, we are terror-stricken by the idea of a leisure society. If, however, we rid ourselves of that fear, and devote ourselves freely to the task of humanistically utilizing the possibilities which modern science offers us, we shall eliminate the major impediment to the creation of a society such as Thomas More envisioned—one in which no one works for a living more than a few hours each day."

YOU'LL see from the above that I believe that, while preserving our democracy and our profit system, we can achieve the promise of a new civilization founded upon plenty. But I also believe that we cannot do so without revising our profit economy. Let me repeat what I said in print seven years before the uranium revolution: Those who insist that only through the substantially unaltered methods of the past can we solve our current problems would provoke a comic tragedy. What they propose is like trying to milk a magnet or putting horse-reins on a tractor. We are today like men fighting over crusts, when around the corner is a banquet for everyone. We are like men born blind but suddenly given full vision who go on stumbling about as if they were still without eyesight. We are like deaf mutes, miraculously cured, who continue to use ear-trumpets and sign-language when they can hear and talk. We need no longer go on living in a half-sick world, but we still have the habits of individualism. Another prolonged depression in contemporary America will be a psychological depression, a result of faulty thinking, of a social neurosis.

SOME economic radicals jeer at such views, saying: "The profit system depends upon the economics of scarcity. It is contradictory to suggest that, inside such a scheme of things, there can be an economy of plenty." That criticism depends on word-play, word-magic. It begins with a definition which runs thus: "A profit system is one which cannot succeed except by maintaining profits through high prices which result from making goods scarce." Well, if you so define that system, of course you cannot achieve a surplus economy without abandoning the profit system—since, by your very definition, it rests upon an economy of scarcity.

But the group of facts labeled "the profit system" need not be so rigidly defined. We can define it as one which involves the perpetuation, in some form, of private property and profits. To be sure, private property and profits happen to have been associated with some practices which can be described as the economy of scarcity. But it has not been proved that there is an inherent or inseparable relation between such property and profits and the practices of deficit economics. Property and profits in the past have in part been used foolishly, anti-socially. Of that there is no doubt. The Great Depression which began in 1929 was the result. But because hammers have been used as implements of murder, we don't therefore prohibit carpenters from using them to build houses.

Many ultra-conservatives agree with the extreme radicals in identifying a profit system with scarcity. And like those radicals, they insist that such a system unavoidably entails recurrent depressions which we must accept as acts of God. They worship the

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status quo—which, in 1931, Amos shrewdly described to Andy as "Latin for the fix we's in." They regard as a major crime against the profit system any criticism of what they consider the divine right of those who control our principal industries to keep their products scarce, if and whenever they happen to deem that a wise policy. Accurately defined, what the extreme right and the extreme left call a profit system is an unintelligent profit economy. Such an economy deserves to die. If it does not, it will be the death of all of us.

Modern science has given America a veritable Aladdin's lamp. But it differs importantly from the lamp Aladdin possessed. If he rubbed his lamp, a spirit arose which did his bidding, brought him whatever of happiness or well-being he desired. Our lamp, however, is stranger than that. Aladdin could rub his or not, as he wished. But our lamp—rub it we must. And, more, if we rub it the wrong way, up rises an evil spirit that cruelly impoverishes us puts millions of us into breadlines, drives children from schools, breaks up homes, sends thousands to distraction or destruction. We have not learned to rub our lamp the right way. Periodically we have rubbed it the wrong way—and then the demon we call Depression has come to damn us for our stupidity. Then we have fumbled, and after a bit we have rubbed the good spirit into action. But during the recent past, our stupid rubbings seem to have happened more frequently. Indeed, the evil demon seems to have become more malevolent at each summoning. It appears not unlikely that, if we do not learn to handle our lamp more wisely, the demon will before too long wipe us out. Are we such fools that we cannot learn to use it so as to summon solely the good spirit? Shall our potential riches make us poor? That is the consequence of the old philosophy. If we submit to it, future historians will write us down as the stupidest lot of men who ever boasted that they were civilized.

Worse than that, if we do thus submit, in all probability there will be no future historians. For, unless we learn to rub the lamp properly, in all likelihood we shall have one more world war, or maybe two—and then *exeunt omnes.*

I say that, because it is fairly obvious that on America's future prosperity depends the welfare of the globe. Unless we prosper, the rest of the world cannot. And unless the rest of the world soon prospers, another World War is in prospect.

If we do prosper and—as we can—

(*Continued on page* 27)

Pioneer in Realistic Poetry

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY. By Jerome Hamilton Buckley. Princeton: Princeton University press. 1945. 234 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

HENLEY'S name is famous, everyone can quote "Invictus," and we all know that its author was a distinguished editor, but few of us in these days ever turn to the seven volumes of the collected works to see for ourselves, and judge for ourselves, what kind of professional writing-man Henley really was.

Those who do turn are substantially,

if not lavishly, rewarded. They find a pioneer in the field of realistic poetry whose vision and technique have stood the test of time, whose poetic candor, sharpness of phrase, and grim humor sustain comparison with the best productions of our younger realists. They find a master of French verse forms who is Austin Dobson's peer, for, if they discover no individual verses that quite match the latter's very best, they do discover a weight of general excellence which Dobson can barely balance. They find a writer of vigorous and exact English prose who, as essayist, formal critic, and pressed reviewer fought for what he believed to be the healthiest strains in English literature, and who laid about him with shrewdly calculated blows. They find a keen critic of painting who commanded fit words for his opinions; and, if curiosity supports them, they may find a playwright whose collaborations with Robert Louis Stevenson now read strangely even in the study, and would surely appear stranger on any hospitable stage.

Still they do not discover the springs of Henley's fame. Had he written only "Invictus," his name would not be the name it is. Were he only the author of all the writing from which the seven volumes have been culled, his name would not be the name it is. His greatness—to use a convenient word that must be taken here in a strictly limited sense—was in his personality, his personal contacts, his personal influence. As an editor, as a literary dictator, and as an overwhelming talker he drew to his leadership a band of younger writers who followed him for a while ardently, and were ever afterwards devoted to keeping his laurels green. When his young men were beginning to grow old, the name of the Chief was still often on their lips, and, as often as they could manage it, in the public ear. It is largely through them, and others who come within range of his ego, that the name of William Ernest Henley is known to so many readers today, that it has already survived its bearer by more than forty years. Through them—but the force to which they bore witness was that of the Chief's own literary, editorial, and social personality.

This personality is admirably presented by Mr. Buckley in the present volume, a carefully documented work in which there is as much vitality as scholarship. Henley's life was all action, beginning with his struggle against the disease which cost him one foot and almost cost him the other, and his critical biographer studies all the phases of this action, all the forms into which it was poured, while never letting us lose sight of the actor himself. In dealing with literary and journalistic material, Mr. Buckley supports his own well-considered judgments by quotations that are ample but not excessive. In dealing with his man, he employs a descriptive style that is evocative without sensationalism, that is arresting and entertaining without any of the tricks common to "popular" biography. For example, in describing Henley the talker, whose appearance and manners suggested a viking to some observers and a brigand to others, Mr. Buckley writes:

> Nevertheless, Henley's fierce demeanor would not alone have insured his personal dominance of a sophisticated literary society. If his ringing voice attracted passing attention, his powers of speech commanded lasting respect. By all reports, he was "one of the great talkers of his time," a warm enthusiast, a master of invective, a man of humor and passion. Max Beerbohm declared that there was "more joy in [his] breast over one

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oath roared by Mr. Henley than over the ninety-and-nine just opinions which a man like Mr. Archer could produce at a moment's notice."

But a talent for blasphemy was less than half of Henley's endowment as a conversation-maker. Anathematizing or eulogizing, he never spoke at random: always he had the knack of adapting his tone to the subject under discussion and to the taste or distaste of his auditors. At the Savile Club he chatted quietly with Thomas Hardy. At the Berkeley Hotel in Sussex he teasingly decried Mallarmé to one of Mallarmé's most determined admirers. Under Kensington clock he disagreed politely for over an hour with George Saintsbury as to whether or not Thackeray were really a gentleman after all.

If the occasion demanded he could exercise a roguish irony. Savagely he ruffled the composure of Henry James whom he charged with inexcusable neglect of Mrs. Oliphant's "Kirsteen." Cowed into submission, James hastened to peruse the commended novel, only to find that "the poor woman" who wrote it "had a simply feminine conception of literature." Wilde, who lacked James's high seriousness, was less likely to be silenced by an ironical rebuff. Yet he found it almost impossible to confute a Henleyan dictum; Henley, he said at the end of his life, was the only man who ever has taxed to the full his intellect and ingenuity. . . . Each envying the other his skill in dialectic, Wilde and Henley clashed repeatedly in hot argument. Finally the "realist's" was the victory of force; disgusted beyond measure by a persistent mental perversity, he eventually propelled the "decadent" with angry crutch down the steps of a Soho café. But Wilde's was the Parthian shaft; commenting on Henley's vigor of expression, he wrote: "His personality is insistent. To converse with him is a physical no less than an intellectual recreation."

Mr. Buckley has sub-titled his book "A Study in the 'Counter-Decadence' of the Nineties," and it is upon Henley's anti-decadent beliefs and actions that he lays his emphasis. The editor of the *National Observer* and the *New Review* is seen as a stalwart champion of hearty English traditions and hearty English virtues, as an emotional Tory in love with eighteenth-century England, leading the forces of realistic righteousness against the perfumed pavilions of the esthetes. So seen, he is rightly seen; for his zeal was unflagging, his strength considerable, and his influence real. But it may be that Mr. Buckley goes a little too far when he declares that Henley "led a whole generation of English writers away from a sterile romantic decadence back to the humor and the realism of their lustier forebears." It may be that there were in operation what Henry Thomas Buckle

liked to call "larger laws," with the action of which Henley's own efforts happily coincided. The esthetic movement was not destroyed, or even weakened, by opposition: it exhausted itself. Having realized its extremely limited potentialities, it ceased to be. And just around the turn of the century there was waiting a generation of writers who were ready to come to grips with life; who could, if they cared to, look to Henley for sanction, but who stood on their own legs; who would have been when and where they were—and what they were—even if Henley had never lived.

However, Mr. Buckley is not given to going too far. Indeed, he resists with remarkable fortitude the first temptation which besets all those who write of neglected or minor figures: the temptation to blow the subject up to dimensions larger than life. This merit, let it be added, is one of the several that make "William Ernest Henley" almost a model performance of its kind.

The Comradeship of Shared Danger

GLORY FOR ME, A Novel in Verse. By MacKinlay Kantor. New York: Coward-McCann. 1945. 268 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

THIS review is the record of a disappointment. The idea of writing a study of the problems of the returned soldier and sailor in narrative verse is original and might be highly interesting. The poetic novel form might well succeed where prose would fail in making the distortions in the life of any one GI seem merely symbolic of the wrenching of a universe. But Mr. Kantor is neither sufficient poet nor novelist to overcome the difficulties in his ambitious undertaking. "Glory for Me" just doesn't ring the bell.

The story itself is the product of a disappointment. Mr. Kantor wanted to serve in the fighting, but he was "over twenty-one." Instead, he flew as war correspondent with the R.A.F. and the U.S. Air Forces over Europe, came to know these young men and their problems, and decided to try to explain them so that their way back to civilian life might be made easier. This was to be his service.

His theme is that of disappointment also. Three men, a bombadier, a naval gunner, and an older man, an infantry sergeant, are thrown together because they all have medical discharges, all happen to take the same plane home, all live in Boone City even though this is the first time they have met. The comradeship of shared death and danger proves to be a stronger tie than those any of them left behind in civilian life. Their wives, sisters, sweethearts, and employers cannot understand the distortions in their lives and, in one case, the physical deformities that war has brought. They all fail in their adjustments to peacetime routines because they know a kind of freedom that the conventions of a smug community cannot allow. Caught on the edge of tragedy, each of these three lives is saved because of the other two. The comradeship learned in war is the only workable value left to them—and it works.

There is something artificial about the geometrical plotting of this story. However sound its thesis and useful its moral, the apparent differences between these men are overdrawn in order to emphasize their redeeming similarity, their varying experiences follow too closely parallel courses. Even in prose, it would have been difficult to make them live in so tight a frame. Poetry—good poetry—might have overcome this artificiality by giving a sense of universality.

But Mr. Kantor is not a good poet. Most of his passages are straight narrative prose broken into irregular lines by a kind of lilting rhythm:

> I cannot make my mind embrace
> The trivial, the arrogant,
> The mean. . . .
> I cannot be intent
> On saving dollars for one man,
> On guarding well the wealth
> With which they let me play.

Other passages in which he attempts imagery and counterpoint are equally obvious and prosy. The sincere sympathy of this elder story-teller for the lot of these unhappy men is not enough to make poetry of their lives. The needed freshness and technical mastery are not here.

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The Earliest Doodlers

PREHISTORIC CAVE PAINTINGS. By Max Raphael. Translation by Norbert Guterman. The Bollingen Series IV. Pantheon Books. 1945. 100 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN GRANT BURROWS

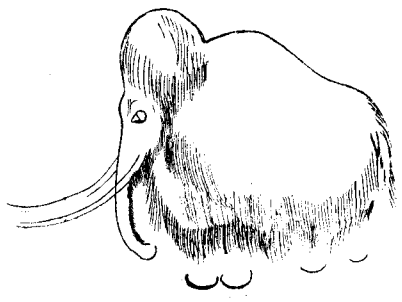
MOST of the writing about paleolithic art has been done by archeologists—dour folk who describe their finds minutely, but are chary with inferences. That is because other archeologists are always lying in wait, armed with sneers and laughter. The author of this book is of quite another sort—one of those with whom the study of art is a branch of philosophy. Right at the start he circles for altitude, and soars most of the time among lofty generalities.

Half the pages are devoted to reproductions of cave paintings. It is space well used. The amazingly lifelike animal figures lose little—may even gain—in being transferred to paper. The only possible complaint about this half of the book is that, as long as it is so sumptuous a job of printing, at least one of the reproductions might have been in color. The polychrome paintings of the Magdalenian period are the climax of prehistoric art.

People of our time feel curiously at home with this style of painting, though it is so old that many of the species portrayed have long been extinct. Raphael emphasizes this community of feeling between the cavemen and ourselves, and tries to explain it on the ground of similarity between two periods of momentous social change. If points like this could be taken only as an attempt to put into words the feelings aroused by these unimaginably old sketches and some of our speculation about what may have been in the minds of our remote ancestors who adorned their caves in this way, the book would have been more fun to read than it is, and perhaps nearly as useful.

But the author takes himself more seriously than that. He writes with an air of authority, as if he were not merely discussing what may have been the uses and meanings of the paintings, but revealing what they actually were.

For example, Raphael warns, quite soundly, that paleolithic art cannot be safely interpreted by analogy with the art of living primitive peoples. Yet only a few pages later he says: "The



fact that totemism and magic coexisted in the world-view of the paleolithics in a specific manner is indisputable." How can we know about totemism and magic, or any such intangibles, among people who have left nothing behind but chipped flints, a few bone and horn objects, and these cave paintings? Of course, there is no way of knowing. All that anyone can do is make inferences, largely by analogy with the ways of people who are still alive, or at least have been described since written records began.

This is not to say that Raphael is wrong about totemism and magic. Even the most cautious archeologists have grown used to the suggestion that paintings of game animals, with females predominant among them, may have been fertility magic, intended to increase the food supply. Pictures of animals pierced with darts may have been hunting magic, to bring success in the chase. When the species depicted were not the same as those whose bones are found in the cave, or were even in all probability extinct when the paintings were made, the suggestion that the creatures may have been totems, symbolizing human groups, is familiar, and as likely as any. But all this is inferred by analogy with living peoples. It is hardly "indisputable."

Raphael's most original and most ambitious undertaking is an attempt to prove intentional composition in some of the most complex groups of figures. Though a few simple groupings have been rather generally accepted as intentional, great conglomerations of figures of varying scale, in many cases overlapping and partly obliterating each other, have been generally taken as unconnected, painted in from time to time wherever there was room. The last of Raphael's three chapters is concerned with bringing out (or else reading in) a consistent design and meaning in the mass of figures that cover the ceiling of the celebrated cave of Altamira in Spain. As with most of his suggestions, this one may be so. It can hardly be disproved.

One brief quotation will illustrate the lengths to which the author's musings sometimes take him. He is speaking of two rows of bison, with a larger figure of a hind, in the cave of Les Combarelles, France:

> The upper row is striking because of the strong spiritual expression of the animals which, although always of the same kind, varies from bison to bison. The first bison is moved not only from inside, spontaneously, but its whole movement remains internal, turned back upon itself; the movement of the second animal is directed outward and stops because the opposite movement is of equal intensity; in the third bison we have a movement that goes unopposed into the extreme, and the exhaustion of his inner force is manifested in a crossed superimposed group. Thus the externalization of the internal is matched by an analogous formal element.

There is empathy for you! Go along with it who can.

— Illustrations from the book

Prehistoric cave decorations at Les Combarelles, France. Above, a primeval Thurber

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P.B. Shelley: Homo Not Too Sapiens

THE SHELLEY LEGEND. By Robert Metcalf Smith and others. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 309 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by JEAN C. S. WILSON

WITH the publication of this book, the bizarre following of family devotees, self-interested friends, inaccurate biographers, bibliographers, and even forgers that clustered around the figure of Percy Bysshe Shelley begin to assume their true forms and correct historical places. More important than the calling of names or the placing of the lesser characters is the fact that under Dr. Smith's scholarly treatment the real Shelley begins to emerge from the apocryphal poet of posthumous marble statues and Victorian truisms. Instead of approaching Shelley in the accustomed manner, as a sprite from another world, Dr. Smith places him squarely in his proper niche as a lyricist of major ability with ethical and political ideas of value, who was often weak, callous, blind, and stupid in his relations with his parents, his wives, his children, and the women he professed to love.

As in life the women who knew Shelley struggled to possess him, so after his death those close to him continued to strive over his memory. The two worst offenders were Shelley's second wife, Mary Woolstonecraft Godwin, and his daughter-in-law, Jane, Lady Shelley. Both conspired to idealize Shelley and place him in the eminently respectable drawing-rooms of the forties and fifties along with the peacock feathers, the dried pampas grass, and other symbols of a "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world" philosophy of life.

That Shelley would be the first to run from such an environment is clear to any serious reader of his work, who knows that "all" was seldom "right" in Shelley's world. The sermons of the clergy sounded as cant and claptrap in Shelley's ears. The poverty and degradation of the vast masses of the English people distressed him. Authority as represented by society, school, church, or family disgusted and repelled him. Only in a Platonic concept of the universe, in freedom of mind and body, in the manifestations of nature and the contemplation of an overall spirit of perfect love, both physical and spiritual, did Shelley find a glimpse of happiness or contentment. These are the basic themes of Shelley's poetry. In them the man speaks as surely as the poet. Yet Mary and Lady Shelley would have us believe that the radicalism of the poet formed no part of the man's behavior. Instead of allowing Shelley to stand forth as he was, they created a mystic godlike being that existed nowhere except in their imaginations. They sanctified and overlaid the true facts of Shelley's life with the myth of his maltreatment by Harriet Westbrook, the picture of him as Mary's devoted husband, and a built-up story that he was the victim of unfounded gossip.

Two hours with "The Shelley Legend" will lay the ghost of Harriet Westbrook's unfaithfulness forever. Dr. Smith proves conclusively that the famous letter of December 15 (or 16), 1816, supposedly written by Shelley in London to Mary in Bath immediately following Harriet's suicide, is a forgery. He identifies the forger as Major George Gordon Byron, a gentleman who proudly and fallaciously styled himself an illegitimate son of Lord Byron.

Mary Woolstonecraft Godwin, who perpetrated the portrait of Shelley as a "shoddy imaginary figure of half-truths."

This letter is the chief instrument in the indictment against Harriet. The importance of its authenticity or lack of authenticity cannot be overestimated. In the letter Shelley speaks of Harriet as having "lived with a groom of the name of Smith" and implies that her sister Eliza was responsible for her death. With scholarly care Dr. Smith shows that four versions of this fabrication exist.

Two of the versions passed through the hands of the Shelley family, and so form the primary source for the defamation of Harriet's name. From their provenance, and by a chain of evidence which is amazing outside of Baker Street but is too long to summarize here, the author proves conclusively that in 1852 and again in 1867 Lady Shelley knew the first version was a forgery. This version was much publicized by Thomas J. Wise in 1927 when he announced that it was the genuine original. Mary's version of the letter which she knew was forged in 1845-6 was placed in the Bodleian as an authentic document by Lady Shelley. If Mary and Lady Shelley are not actually guilty of deliberate falsification, they certainly stand convicted of suppression of important evidence. Fear of scandal, family pride, and, in Lady Shelley's case, neurotic devotion to an egocentric poet cannot excuse either of them from toying with the reputation of another woman. Lady Shelley, whenever pressed for the true story of Shelley's relationship with Harriet and Mary, always retired behind a camouflage that it would be unfair to Ianthe, Shelley's only surviving child by Harriet, to release the facts which would exonerate Shelley. These facts, according to Lady Shelley, were to be found in diaries and letters in her possession. When hard pressed she gave the Shelley family explanation that Harriet and Shelley parted after long estrangement by mutual consent.

Dr. Smith puts an effective end to this tale by quoting from an agonized letter of Harriet's to her friend Catherine Nugent in which she says:

> Mary was determined to seduce him. She is to blame. She heated his imagination by talking of her Mother, and going to her grave with him every day, till at last she told him she was dying in love for him, accompanied with the most violent gestures and vehement expostulations.

This agrees substantially with Shelley's account of Mary's wooing in his letter to his friend Thomas Hogg, October 5, 1814:

> The sublime and rapturous moment when she confessed herself mine, who had long been her's (*sic*) in secret cannot be painted to mortal imaginations . . . When we meet, I will give you a more explicit detail of the progress of our intercourse: How in opposition to her father's will, to Harriet's exertions we still continued to meet...

There is no indication in either of these letters of Lady Shelley's "mutual consent."

Unfortunately Dr. Smith does not give anywhere in his book the printed source of Shelley's letter to Hogg, nor (and he has only the excellence of his book to thank for this comment) does he tell us how he knows that this important letter is genuine! This is an example of the errors of omission and arrangement in the book. By an oversight, Dr. Smith fails to give us the date of Shelley's birth, although we are grateful for the accurate list of the children, their births and deaths. At the end of the book,

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in discussing the letters and diaries still in the possession of the Shelley family, he is far from explicit. He mentions that the documents are restricted, but he does not tell us what the restrictions are, where the documents are kept, or who controls particular documents. The reader cannot determine the exact attitude (apparently adverse) of the present family toward the use of the documents by accredited scholars.

But in spite of this Dr. Smith certainly makes his case for what amounted to literary blackmail on Lady Shelley's part. The instant the 1816 letter is excluded from Shelley biography, the whole picture of Shelley's relationship with Harriet comes into focus. Indeed the picture of Shelley's life and activities suddenly rights itself into an understandable whole. Shelley's honest belief in the freedom of love in the full sense of the term has hitherto never been given its true significance. Dr. Smith gives a detailed account that as early as 1812 Shelley, in a letter to a stranger, was outspoken in favor of love as against marriage, and that at the same time, in the Elizabeth Hitchener affair, he was discussing and urging this doctrine upon Harriet. The book goes on to show us that Shelley did not intend to desert Harriet permanently for Mary, by giving Shelley's letter of August 13, 1814, in which he asked Harriet to join him in Switzerland, where he was living with Mary and her half-sister Claire Clairmont. On his return from Switzerland Shelley again tried to include Harriet in the same household with Mary and Claire. He even consulted his lawyer as to whether it was legally possible to force Harriet to live with them. If he had not been pained and bewildered by Harriet's aloofness and had not really desired her company, he would never have gone to such lengths. There is naiveté, cruelty, and stupidity in this behavior, but Shelley, living in an idealistic universe of his own, peopled by unreal men and women free from the trammels of the world, could not understand a real woman's grief over her husband's infidelity. His earlier comments on love make clear that to him there was no infidelity in his behavior to Harriet. For he never intellectually admitted the premise of faithfulness as inherent in a marital relation.

Shelley's consistency in belief and behavior is shown when Dr. Smith gives us the strange spectacle, in the year 1816, of Mary, as yet unmarried to Shelley though the mother of his child, carrying on a liaison with Thomas Hogg. For a time in March and April of that year Hogg lived

with Mary, Shelley, and Claire at Mary's invitation. There are enough letters from Mary to Hogg extant to show that their intimacy had Shelley's full approval and consent. This is a very different set of facts from the picture of the young innocent Mary, enamored of Shelley beyond her control, carefully fostered in later years by Mary and Lady Shelley. That the debacle which followed afterwards — Harriet's suicide and Shelley's marriage to Mary — remained a largely incomprehensible experience to Shelley is clear when we realize that the pattern of his first marriage was repeated in his second.

Shelley was no more of a devoted and faithful husband to Mary than he had been to Harriet. In spite of all Mary's protestations to the contrary, Dr. Smith makes it evident that Shelley was seriously attached to at least three women during the course of his association with Mary—Claire Clairmont, Emilia Viviani, and Jane Williams. Of the three Claire is the most compelling and important figure. She lived with Mary and Shelley off and on during most of their married and unmarried life. Whenever she was not in their house Shelley was constantly writing and inviting her to come to them. In his will he left her £12,000, making her after Mary his chief beneficiary.

That Elena Adelaide Shelley, the mysterious child placed in a foundling home in Naples by Shelley in 1818, was born of Shelley's and Claire's devotion is now made fairly certain. Pathetic though it is, Elena Adelaide is important to posterity only in demonstrating that Shelley continued to live by his theories of free love after his marriage to Mary. Once this fact is accepted, the whole edifice so painstakingly erected by Mary and Lady Shelley collapses. One suddenly understands why they were so anxious to destroy or suppress vital portions of journals, letters, and diaries. If Shelley's real behavior became public knowledge, Mary's pretensions to propriety and respectability would have vanished and Lady Shelley could never have become a national figure able to direct the course of the Shelley legend.

Dr. Smith's book is well-documented. He has gone to the experts for help in his discussion and proof of the forgeries. He acknowledges his debt to Martha M. Schlegel, Theodore George Ehrsam, and Louis Addison Waters for their help by making them collaborators. Perhaps more than anyone who has written of Shelley in the 123 years since his death, Dr. Smith has shown us the whole melodramatic set of circumstances as they were. No one after reading "The Shelley Legend" can doubt that Shelley and his circle led a Bohemian existence of communal affection. That Shelley lived as he wrote is in some sense a vindication of his character. From his point of view he was simply putting into practice his theories of the joys of natural man unshackled by conventionality. This is the portrait of a misguided but far finer man than the shoddy imaginary figure of half-truths perpetuated by Mary and Lady Shelley.

Denial

By Sara Henderson Hay

"O Death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man who is at peace with his possessions. . . ."

APOCRYPHA.

BUT not to him alone
Whose happy breath is drawn
In peace amid his lands,
With plenty in his hands,
And all that makes breath good,
The thought of Death is bad.

To him, as well, whose life
Is anguished and unsafe,
And whose possessions' scope
Is nothing but his hope,
The face of Death is still
Most to be shunned, and vile.

For even if he cry
In his extremest day
"Sweet Death—" He lies! He lies!
Himself that speech denies,
His every part shall strive
To keep that man alive.

His will gives no assent
To the supreme affront.
He clings with desperate strength
To living's breadth and length,
And when the will has done,
The stubborn flesh fights on.

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From the Sidewalks of New York

AL SMITH AMERICAN: An Informal Biography. By Frank Graham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1945. 242 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH M. PROSKAUER

IN the pleasant and engaging style with which Mr. Graham has written biographies of baseball players, he has told in this book the outlines of the story of a man whom many regard as the most fascinating personality of our time. His technique involves the copious use of anecdote, and he has assiduously collected scores of them, of which many are revealing and many quite insignificant.

From this mass of material there emerges in the book a series of vignettes. There is a vivid and veracious picture of Oliver Street and the East side, "the towering ships back from voyages to Europe and South America and China and India, the market fairly bulging with fish hauled from the deep waters of the Atlantic —the fire house—and the Brooklyn Bridge that arched not only over their homes, but over their lives as well." There is a less vivid picture of Governor Smith's ancestry—with, what seems to us who knew her, a quite inadequate portraiture of his mother and but partial outline of her wisdom and loveliness that until her death influenced the character and development of her distinguished son.

There is a sympathetically understanding statement of the influence of the Catholic Church and its priests on the boyhood of Governor Smith even as this influence was to ripen into the ennobling guide of his mature years. His early struggles are starkly told as the short and simple annals of the poor. We are enabled to envisage him clearly as the newsboy, laborer in the Fulton Fish Market, shipping clerk, and clerk in the office of the Commissioner of Jurors. Offsetting the drabness of a toiling life are the joys of his association with the players of St. James Parish. The romance of his courtship and his marriage with Catherine Dunn is deftly told.

We can sense also quite clearly in Mr. Graham's account the origin of Smith's political career rooted in early association with Tom Foley and later with Charles F. Murphy. The former became, politically speaking, Smith's deus ex machina, and we realize that both these political leaders exemplified a new type of the political boss—strong, reliant, blind to many of the niceties, but essentially honest, and revelling in the power to bring to political advancement such men as James A. Foley, Robert F. Wagner, and Alfred E. Smith. Tom Foley's counsel to Smith "Never make a promise unless you intend to keep it" became part of Smith's political credo. We can sense here, too, the political struggle leading ever upward from Assemblyman to Speaker, to Sheriff, President of the Board of Aldermen,

to the Governorship, and finally to his nomination for the Presidency.

Most of the outstanding events of these stirring years are stated, few of them are adequately evaluated; so that Mr. Graham has written exactly what he states in his subtitle, "An Informal Biography." It will furnish happiness and entertainment to every reader. I am sure Mr. Graham would be the first to concede that it is not the adequate biography which is called for by the epic proportions of Governor Smith's life. Shortly after his defeat for the Presidency, I had the privilege of attending a dinner given to him by a number of Harvard professors who had supported him. The speaker of the evening was an Englishman, Professor Whitehead, surely one of the most distinguished of living philosophers. I heard him appraise Smith's career as an historic contribution to the development of democracy in the entire civilized world. The biography that must still be written is one which shall be written to that scale. Alfred E. Smith's personality took tang and piquancy and flavor from the sidewalks of New York: the warp and woof of its substance, however, was fundamental wisdom, duty, integrity, and capacity for high leadership, an account of which should be the basis, not of vignettes, but of a saga.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

Prof. Hubertis Cummings, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, is the author of this week's quiz. Each of the Shakesperean quotations below is concerned with the theatre. What character made each remark, and to whom or on what occasion? Allowing 5 points for each answer, a score of 40 is par, 50 is very good, and 60 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 24.

1. Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
   As I foretold you, were all spirits. . . .
2. Thus play I, in one person, many people,
   And none contented.
3. All the world's a stage,
   And all the men and women merely players;
   They have their exits and their entrances. . . .
4. Here is a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house.
5. Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
   That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
   And then is heard no more. . . .
6. What, shall we be merry! Shall we have a play extempore?
7. Can this cockpit hold
   The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
   Within this wooden 0 the very casques
   That did affright the air at Agincourt?
8. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action.
9. Like a strutting player,—whose conceit
   Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
   To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
   'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage. . . .
10. When we are born, we cry that we are come
    To this great stage of fools. . . .
11. The quick comedians
    Extemporally will stage us, and present
    Our Alexandrian revels. . . .
12. I have some sport in hand
    Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
    There is a lord will hear you play tonight.

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"Everybody Talks at Once"

GUMBO YA-YA. A collection of Louisiana Folk Tales. Compiled by Lyle Saxon, Edward Dreyer, Robert Tallant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945, 581 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by DAVID L. COHN

THIS compilation of Louisiana folk tales derives from the racially heterogeneous and colorful peoples of New Orleans and south Louisiana. They are largely Latin and Catholic, French and Spanish, Italian, Negro, Cajun, and Creole. They have made the section in which they live more Mediterranean than Mississippian although it is on the great river; it is in the United States but not essentially of it even if it makes conventional obeisances to the prevailing customs in the form of luncheon clubs and golf courses; it differs from the rest of the nation in three determinant elements of culture—love, cuisine, religion; while here, more than elsewhere, all that changes is the same. It is with these people and this section that "Gumbo Ya-Ya" (a Cajun phrase meaning "Everybody talks at once") so successfully deals.

The mood of much of the book is struck in its opening paragraph: "Every night is like Saturday night in Perdido street, wild and fast and hot with sin. But the night before Mardi Gras blazed to a new height." Thereafter the show is on and it is a good one with an excellent and uninhibited cast, superb sets, and producers who know their business.

They bring on, to madder music and stronger gin, figures of yesterday and today. Among them are the Zulu Kings and Queens, Negroes all, who make their magnificent appearance in the Mardi Gras parade. The Baby Dolls, ladies of color, human, all too human, who shoot the works on the streets during the riotous hours of carnival, and the tribes of Mardi Gras Negro-Indians such as the Wild Squa-tou-las who once whooped it up in their Indian finery, "all this considerably aided by the whiskey consumed while on the march, and the frequent smoking of marijuana." New Orleans, being a pious city at bottom, is much less shocked by such behavior than other cities might be, for it subscribes to the admirable doctrine that in order to become a saint one must first be a sinner, and who would take it upon himself, in the name of the law, to stop the progress of a man or a woman toward saint-hood?

Here are the street criers who cried aloud poetically and passionately the merits of their wares: watermelons, charcoal, hot tamales, flowers, oysters, and vegetables. Here is St. Joseph's day, a great fiesta in New Orleans, and famed altar in the delicatessen of Baiaccio Montalbano whose "place of business is a shrine all year." Over the door of the Roma Room—the dining room of the establishment—these words are inscribed in letters of gold:

> HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI HAS BESTOWED ON BAIACCIO MONTALBANO, DIRECTOR OF THE ROMA ROOM, APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION FOR PRAYING IN CHURCH 2000 HOURS FOR 2000 DAYS

There are chapters on the Creoles, that proud, grave, gay, pious, pleasure-loving, courtly race whose ancestors founded New Orleans, who became "Creole" by intermarrying with the Spanish who came after them, and who cannot make the rest of the United States understand that they are pure white; and on the Cajuns who were expelled from Canada by the British and settled in Louisiana. "I am a true man," one of them says in "Gumbo Ya-Ya." "I got credit at Fisher's Store. I got my boat; and I make fourteen children for my wife!" Obviously the abundant life flourishes in the marshes of Louisiana where Cajun fishers and trappers live.

Here are described lovingly and sometimes lusciously, undertakers, wakes, funerals, cemeteries, ghosts, buried treasure, vanished plantations, lady saints and preachers, chimney sweepers, riverfront characters, and oldtime gangs. "Gumbo Ya-Ya" is, in short, a big, rich, juicy book; amiable and good natured; warm and colorful; pleasant to read and delicious to savor. And because—the Lord be praised—it is not that dreadful thing called a "must" book it is the better to have by one's bed.

The War Between the States, Again

WHERE MY LOVE SLEEPS. By Clifford Dowdey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1945. 298 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY

MR. DOWDEY already has three novels about Civil War Virginia to his credit. He has stated well his case for the Confederacy and against the popular myth, prevalent both in the North and in the South, that Lee's armies were composed largely of members of the planter class and their hangers-on. He has helped to make it clear that there were many other and more democratic elements on the losing side in the struggle.

The dilemma of Blount Mathis, the principal figure in his new book, illustrates this. He is a captain on the staff of A. P. Hill, but in civilian life he was a builder and architect in Richmond and a self-made man. Unconsciously at first, he fights to save a way of life that would destroy him. In the course of the last year of the war he comes to understand the issues better, and discovers his kinship with the rank and file of the army, preferring the hardships of the lines to the softer life of a "Canary," as the staff officers were contemptuously called. Blount stands, no doubt, for the average Rebel, while his friend Major Warwick represents the planter class, and Lieut. Fuqua, the ordnance expert, is the technician, interested only in getting the war over with so he can go back to his civilian job. Blount is in love with an enigmatic but beautiful girl, plantation bred. His despair at her death mingles with his despair at the retreat and surrender of the Confederate forces, but it does not prevent his doing his duty to the utmost.

The plan of the book is a good one, and the symbolism of Blount's love for Cathie seems sufficiently obvious, but in the writing the author has not always succeeded in fusing story and thesis. He is better when he is describing operations around Petersburg in 1864 and the sad last winter of the war than he is in the romantic episodes. At times the whole story moves haltingly, lingering too long over secondary characters and matters, and scanting or skipping entirely more crucial scenes. Nor is the great panorama of the end of the Confederacy and the fall of Richmond, to which the whole book seems to be leading up, worked out in full. There are many intelligently rendered pictures, but as a whole it is not a completely satisfying novel. Perhaps Mr. Dowdey's true abilities lie in the direction of biography and popular history, for he seems in this book to be forcing himself to follow the conventions of fiction.

USCULUM

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One Way to Write Novels

ELLEN GLASGOW

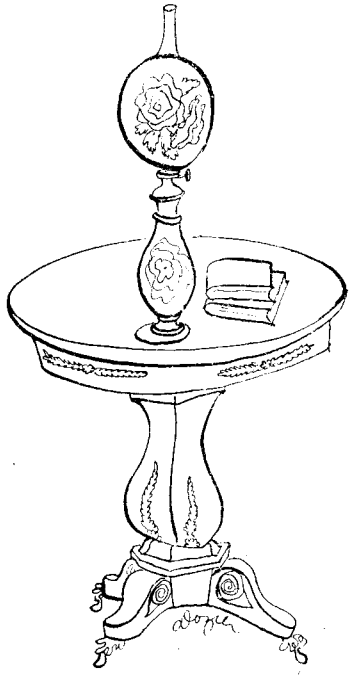
EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ellen Glasgow, distinguished American novelist, died November 20 at the age of seventy-one. Eleven years ago, in its issue for December 8, 1934,* The Saturday Review of Literature *printed the following essay by Miss Glasgow. The editors believe this essay is as interesting and pertinent today as it was on its original publication.*

NOTHING, except the weather report or a general maxim of conduct, is so unsafe to depend upon as a theory of fiction. Every great novel has broken many conventions. The greatest of all novels defies every formula; and only Mr. Percy Lubbock believes that "War and Peace" would be greater if it were another and an entirely different book. By this I do not mean to question Mr. Lubbock's critical insight. "The Craft of Fiction" is the best work in its limited field, and may be studied to advantage by any novelist. In the first chapters there is a masterly analysis of "War and Peace." Yet, after reading it with appreciation, I still think that Tolstoy was the best judge of what his book was about and of how long it should be.

This brings us, in the beginning, to the most sensitive, and therefore the most controversial, point in the criticism of prose fiction. It is the habit of overworked or frugal critics to speak as if economy were a virtue and not a necessity. Yet there are faithful readers who feel with me that a good novel cannot be too long or a bad novel too short. Our company is small but picked with care, and we would die upon the literary barricade of defending the noble proportions of "War and Peace," of "The Brothers Karamazov," of "Clarissa Harlowe" in eight volumes, of "Tom Jones," of "David Copperfield," of "The Chronicles of Barsetshire," of "A la Récherche du Temps Perdu," of "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne." Tennyson was with us when he said he had no criticism to make of "Clarissa Harlowe" except that it might have been longer.

The true novel (I am not concerned with the run-of-the-mill variety) is, like pure poetry, an act of birth, not a device or an invention. It awaits its own time and has its own way to be born, and it cannot, by scientific methods, be pushed into the world from behind. After it is born, a separate individual, an organic structure, it obeys its own vital impulses. The heart quickens; the blood circulates; the pulses beat; the whole body moves in response to some inward rhythm; and in time the expanding vitality attains its full stature. But until the breath of life enters a novel, it is as spiritless as inanimate matter.

Having said this much, I may confess that spinning theories of fiction is my favorite amusement. This is, I think, a good habit to cultivate. The exercise encourages readiness and agility while it keeps both head and hand in practice. Besides, if it did



nothing else, it would still protect one from the radio and the moving picture and other sleepless, if less sinister, enemies to the lost mood of contemplation. This alone would justify every precept that was ever evolved. Although a work of fiction may be written without a formula or a method, I doubt if the true novel has ever been created without the long brooding season.

I have read, I believe, with as much interest as if it were a novel itself, every treatise on the art of fiction that appeared to me to be promising. That variable branch of letters shares with philosophy the favorite shelf in my library. I know all that such sources of learning as Sir Leslie Stephen, Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. Percy Lubbock, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Mr. E. M. Forster, and others less eminent but often more earnest are able to teach me, or I am able to acquire. Indeed, I know more than they can teach me, for I know also how very little their knowledge can help one in the actual writing of novels. If I were giving advice to a beginner (but there are no beginners nowadays, there is only the inspired amateur or the infant pathologist), I should probably say something like this: "Learn the technique of writing, and having learned it thoroughly, try to forget it. Study the principles of construction, the value of continuity, the arrangement of masses, the consistent point of view, the revealing episode, the careful handling of detail, and the fatal pitfalls of dialogue. Then, having mastered, if possible, every rule of thumb, dismiss it into the labyrinth of the memory. Leave it there to make its own signals and flash its own warnings. The sensitive feeling, 'this is not right,' or 'something ought to be different,' will prove that these signals are working." Or, perhaps, this inner voice may be only the sounder instinct of the born novelist.

If this were a treatise on the art of writing, how simple it would be to pursue it to its logical end—to any end, indeed, except the one that must begin the essay I am requested to write. Immediately (though I am aware that my method, or the lack of one, is not of the slightest interest to any human being but myself) the logical end becomes only a turning-point, and the theory of fiction dwindles into the way I write novels.

The truth is that I began being a novelist, as naturally as I began talking or walking, so early that I cannot remember when the impulse first seized me. Far back in my childhood, before I had learned the letters of the alphabet, a character named Little Willie wandered into the country of my mind, just as every other major character in my novels has strolled across my mental horizon when I was not even thinking of the novel in which he would finally take his place. From what or where he had sprung, why he was named Little Willie, or why I should have selected a hero instead of a heroine—all this is still as much of a mystery to me as it was in my childhood. But there he was, and there he remained, alive and active, threading his own adventures, from the time I was three until I was eight or nine, and discovered Hans Andersen and Grimms' Fairy Tales. Every night, as I was undressed and put to bed by my colored mammy, the romance of Little Willie would begin again exactly where it had broken off the evening before. In winter I was undressed in the firelight on the hearth-rug; but in summer we moved over to an open window that looked out on the sunset and presently the first stars in the long green twilight. For years Little Willie lasted,

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never growing older, always pursuing his own narrative and weaving his situations out of his own character. I can still see him, small, wiry, with lank brown hair like a thatch, and eyes that seemed to say, "I know a secret! I know a secret!" Hans Andersen and the brothers Grimm were his chosen companions. He lingered on, though somewhat sadly, after I had discovered the Waverley Novels; but when I was twelve years old and entered the world of Dickens, he vanished forever.

In those earliest formative years Little Willie outlined, however vaguely, a general pattern of work. He showed me that a novelist must write, not by taking thought alone, but with every cell of his being, that nothing can occur to him that may not sooner or later find its way into his craft. Whatever happened to me or to Mammy Lizzie happened also, strangely transfigured, to Little Willie. I learned, too, and never forgot, that ideas would not come to me if I went out to hunt for them. They

would fly when I pursued; but if I stopped and sank down into a kind of watchful reverie, they would flock back again like friendly pigeons. All I had to do before the novel had formed was to leave the creative faculty (or subconscious mind) free to work its own way without urging and without effort. When Dorinda in "Barren Ground" first appeared to me, I pushed her back into some glimmering obscurity, where she remained, buried but alive, for a decade, and emerged from the yeasty medium with hard round limbs and the bloom of health in her cheeks. Thus I have never wanted for subjects; but on several occasions when, because of illness or from external compulsion, I have tried to invent a theme or a character, invariably the effort has resulted in failure. These are the unnatural children of my brain that I should wish, were it possible, to disinherit.

It is not easy to tell how much of this dependence upon intuition may be attributed to the lack of harmony between my inner life and my early environment. A thoughtful and imaginative child, haunted by that strange sense of exile which visits the subjective mind when it is unhappily placed (and it is always, apparently, unhappily placed or it would not be subjective), I grew up in a charming society, where ideas were accepted as naturally as the universe or the weather, and cards for the old, dancing for the young, and conversation flavored with personalities for the middle-aged were the only arts prac-

(*Continued on page 29*)

ELLEN GLASGOW: *A Personal Memory* • HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MY first meeting with Ellen Glasgow was uncomfortable. It was sometime in the twenties, when she already had a long list of novels under her name. Her face was like a camellia, one of those tight-petaled camellias of old Southern gardens, that risk and often defy the February frosts, and retain a virginal freshness even when time has touched them. Miss Glasgow was very deaf, and in a day when corrective instruments were in the experimental stage. Hers was a sound contrivance on a long cord, which she would move from place to place on the luncheon table where conversation might be expected. When it plopped down before me I talked alternately to the disk and to her, with most unsatisfactory results. The truth was that while I was just reading with admiration her starkly realistic "Barren Ground," I was unfamiliar with her earlier historical novels, and unaware that she was a major social historian of our times, who had almost single-handed rescued Southern fiction from the glamorous sentimentality of the Lost Cause, and almost alone had viewed Southern culture with sympathetic but unclouded eyes. In two minutes I had stumbled into some detail of my ignorance, and the box was lifted in the middle of a sentence and planted elsewhere. It came back again later, and our friendship dated from that day.

We visited her often in her old stone house in Richmond, the most comfortable house I have ever stayed in, with good food, good drink, and good talk inside, and a cardinal and a mocking bird in the garden. But always my best communications with her seemed to be through her books. Always I came home to pull down one of the volumes of her collected edition, to carry on in my own mind the discussion. For, like Willa Cather, she talked constantly of the technique of writing, but always it was of her own, except her brilliant sallies at successful contemporaries whom she regarded as incompetent artists or able charlatans. There was some vanity in this, the vanity of all writers, which is the vanity of a parent for its child. But there was a more cogent reason for her seeming egocentricity. Her endeavor to get the true values of the life she knew best into literature—a half century's task—was not easily matched in our American story for steady, coherent purpose. Cooper, perhaps, on a surface level, Hawthorne certainly in deeper areas of the spirit, Henry James with a far different problem, could be compared to her in this respect. But who else in American fiction? Her own true opposite in the North was, she felt, Howells, but he seemed to her pallid.

It was not vanity which made her talk of her own books in that meticulous voice of the deaf, with its precise articulation and its slight crackle. It was her desire that her total purpose should not be missed, her fear that it would be overshadowed by the great success of one or two of her volumes, in spite of the prefaces she had written for her collected edition. And indeed there is no richer theme for fiction than the wreck of a way of life in the South after the great war, and the conflict between sentiment and the rebirth into something new that followed. It was her strong, clear imagination that best perceived for us the romantic, sordid, tragic values of the one great defeat and reversal suffered by Americans.

She came to live near us one summer on an old Connecticut farm, bringing with her the household which was her background, a companion friend, and Negro servants. Her entourage was not at ease in New England. They found snakes in the well, an unfamiliar language in the village stores, dangerous adventures in their car on the thank-you-marms of hilly dirt roads. But Ellen was unperturbed. She read the austere scenery like a book about the people it had shaped. She felt that New England, if it had been her theme, would have been as much in her competence as the South. Yet it never warmed her. The stories from local folklore which I told her did not much interest her. For her, they were not significant.

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The Atomic Age

COOPERATION OR ANNIHILATION?

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this article is Assistant Director of the Los Alamos Division of the Atomic Bomb Project. He is professor of nuclear physics at Princeton University.

ON the desk beside me as I write is a book, not yet read through, by J. D. Bernal, called "The Social Function of Science." I have already read J. G. Crowther's "The Social Relations of Science." Before the war, while I might have thumbed through books of this sort curiously, I could well have said that the science I pursued, nuclear physics, had no immediate social function. The truth is that while scientists were as aware of social and political conditions as most men, they liked to think that their work as explorers of the unknown was an end in itself. They considered that they needed no further justification for their tasks than a real interest in their work and the assumption that truth in itself is worth pursuing. The scientist of a few years ago working in his laboratory felt only a slight interest in the technological developments stemming, usually years later, from any discoveries he had made. He was pained to read the repeated slogan that his was a Scientific Age, for his connection with the world of radio and refrigerators, of bigger, better airplanes, was reasonably remote. "Social function of science," he might have muttered to himself. "The social function of science is to produce good physics or good chemistry or good physiology."

This detachment of science and scientists was shaken when scientists were recruited for war work. There were few men who could leave their peaceful laboratories for experiments on weapons of death without scrutinizing their consciences and the relation of their profession to society more thoroughly than they had before. But when the first successful atomic bomb ripped the air of a desert in New Mexico called, appropriately enough, Jornada del Muerto — Journey of Death — the scientists were catapulted smack into political activity. Only six years after the discovery of uranium fission by Hahn and Meitner, bombs utilizing the energy released by that fission fell upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Technology and science were no longer separate entities but were fused into an awesome marriage. With more truth than it realized, the press proclaimed the dawn of a new era; "The Atomic Age" they called it. We scientists then found ourselves among the few who understood the implications of this development. We found ourselves prophets of the new age.

Even before the successful test, we had begun tentatively to organize. At first a handful, then fifty, and finally about 500 of us at Los Alamos met to consider the sociological implications of our work. Spontaneously and separately, the scientists at Chicago's Metallurgical Laboratory, at Oak Ridge in Tennessee, and at Los Alamos formed associations. Somewhat later other groups of scientists, such as the famous developers of radar at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, also organized for political action. These scientific organizations, like the atomic bomb, were something new upon the American scene. Up to this time, American men of science had remained aloof from any sort of political organization. No matter what our personal political color, professionally we were rugged individualists. There have been causes which might have evoked united action—the same economic drives and the same insecurity which lie back of most trade unionism. It is significant to me that when scientists did organize it was not for personal objectives, but rather as a result of a deep and profound sense of moral responsibility.

—Justus in the *Minneapolis Star-Journal*

"Danged speed demon!"

We would be automatons, indeed, if, having unleashed a power like nuclear energy, we did not try to explain its implications. The men who worked on the atomic bomb are horrified at the possibilities of its misuse. All of the newly organized scientific groups have issued statements indicating their belief that atomic weapons are a radical development which will distort the picture of traditional warfare. These statements examine the possible paths that the United States can take in respect to nuclear power and conclude that only one road is feasible—removing the atomic bomb from an armaments race by placing it under strict international control.

It is not an easy job for us to interpret the ramifications of nuclear energy to the American people. The rift between the scientist and the man in the street is one of long standing, and Sunday supplement articles have never bridged the gap. The language of science is admittedly difficult to understand. Scientists can command little influence through weight of numbers. Furthermore, scientists have always shunned personal publicity. What one has then, in effect, is a handful of obscure men rising up and insisting on certain political reforms. It appears almost quixotic. On our side we have amazing unanimity. More than ninety per cent of the scientific personnel who developed the bomb belong to the new organizations and they are unanimously agreed that international control of nuclear power is imperative. This should impress anyone who has ever tried to achieve unanimity on any question, no matter how trivial or obvious.

Our whole position during the war was an anomalous one. To work under conditions of secrecy and without contact with the scientists of other nations was, for us, a new experience. Indeed, had this condition been initiated a few years previously, we might not have known of the discovery of fission. Scientists normally do not recognize international boundaries. For them, the only border is that between fact and superstition, and the only frontier is between the known and the unknown. Despite this internationalism, reinforced by publication of results all over the globe, and international congresses of scientists, the United States Government had no difficulty in mobilizing its scientists for war, in many instances more than a year before Pearl Harbor. Fascism's ultra-nationalism and its mystical unreason made it a force

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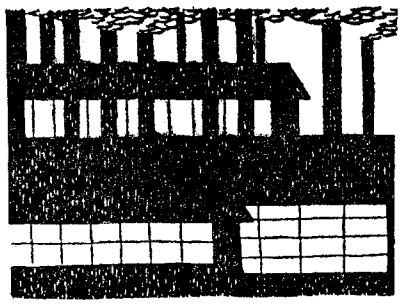
inimical to us as scientists as well as to us as men. It would be an ironic calamity, however, if the tools we placed in the hands of our government in order that it might defeat militant and threatening nationalism served only to reinforce chauvinistic tendencies here at home. It was not to give the United States nuclear energy as a great club that we sweated four years on the problem of the atomic bomb. It was, rather, to release the world from the fear of aggressive and imperialistic nations. We hoped also to make nuclear energy a reality at a time when it could be a great force for peace and collaboration between nations.

One might ask, "Why do not the scientists return to their laboratories, now that they have finished their war work, leaving the social and political problems they have raised to men better qualified to solve them?" We cannot go back to our work when we are not convinced that our politicians adequately understand the dangers presented by our achievements, or that they are prepared to take the radical measures required to prevent the destruction of humanity. In the past, scientists have been inarticulate on questions about which they were no more qualified to speak than the next man. However, there are many technical aspects to this present dilemma. We do feel impelled to discuss them. Defense measures, the possibility of development of the atomic bomb in other countries, and the scientific feasibility of international control are examples of subjects to which we have tried to confine ourselves. It cannot be emphasized too strongly, however, that implicit in these technical problems are deeper and more difficult political problems.

WE scientists are broadening our perspectives. We not only study quantum mechanics and relativity; we now also study the United Nations Charter and "The Social Function of Science." Where we previously only perused *Science, Nature,* and *The Physical Review,* we now also read the to us equally abstract and baffling *Congressional Record.* Our organizations subscribe to clipping services which inform us of all that is currently printed about nuclear energy. One of our goals is to educate the public. We are availing ourselves of the means of public expression, falteringly at first; but we are becoming more confident. We have explored the possibility of the press release and radio talks; we give speeches before the public whenever we can. We even write articles. In view of the wide geographical separation of the various organizations and the small amount of collaboration which has obtained until recently, I am amazed at the profound agreement of the public utterances of scientists.



Washington, too, receives our attention. Some of us are called to testify before Senate and House hearings. Some are called to give official advice to the various branches of the administration. Still others are sent as representatives of our organizations to present our point of view, and then to report back on the activities of Congress. I am afraid we are too unprofessional as yet to label ourselves lobbyists. On the other hand, we are encouraged by our first political steps. Senators and Representatives alike have welcomed us, and some seem eager to share our knowledge.

Indeed, there is a new spirit in science. At Los Alamos the Executive Committee of the A.L.A.S. (Association of Los Alamos Scientists) has daily meetings, and there are weekly general meetings, usually attended by more than five hundred. At these meetings, reports are given and current problems are discussed. Perhaps the most significant feature of the discussion is the obvious sincerity of the members of the group. Technical questions are referred to committees of experts, the foremost scientists in the field. When we say, therefore, that adequate defense against atomic bombs is unlikely, it is because a committee consisting of scientists who came here from the radar development laboratory have considered the problem deeply. When we say there is no scientific secret, we speak the considered judgment of those scientists who actually developed the bomb. When we say another country can develop atomic bombs within a few years, it is again the judgment of those scientists who developed the processes and skills required to manufacture the materials of a bomb. Just as at the radar laboratories, where scientists have successfully become technologists, so have the scientists here actually seen through the detailed engineering and manufacturing problems of the atomic bomb.

It may be said that science will suffer because of scientists' preoccupation with world affairs—and undoubtedly it will. Still, unwise political action or inaction can destroy science as we know it. Even more important, it can destroy humanity. I think it probable that political thought may well benefit by the application of the traditional objective spirit of science. We can return wholeheartedly to our work only when we are convinced that our political leaders and the public are truly aware of the revolution in destructive force which we have brought about, and that they are committed to political action adequate to insure world peace.

THE expensive experiment culminating successfully on a desert in New Mexico was an experiment perilous for all concerned. It was a risk of finance, of manpower, of material. It was something new. It was apparent to all of us who participated in that test at Jornada del Muerto that this new power which we had unleashed could not become the plaything of so-called power politics. As the best scientific vision was mobilized for the bomb, so must the best political vision be mobilized for its control. A new revolutionary force demands a revolution in methods of dealing with the problem of peace. It is a problem which cannot be solved in the framework of existing sovereign nations. A problem of the "atomic age" cannot be solved with anachronistic eighteenth-century political machinery.

Scientists do not think that the atomic bomb is the only problem. It is rather an immediate and dramatic danger that epitomizes all of the threats to our security. A new opportunity has presented itself, but this time in terms of real coöperation or total annihilation. World control of the atomic bomb, it must be understood, will only be a step toward peace. The deeper causes of war must be attacked if a true and lasting peace is to be achieved.

I did not need my authors, Messrs. Bernal and Crowther, to inform me that science, which helps to shape society, is in turn shaped by it. The atomic bomb is only another and particularly monstrous product of a warring world. Science can fulfil its functions of being a real benefit to humanity only when nations are at peace. Otherwise, scientific endeavor will be perverted to prepare for that next war, that Wellsian war, that fantastic battle of fantastic instruments which will destroy so much—our homes, our science, and ourselves.

ROBERT R. WILSON

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THE LIBRARY'S CUSTOMERS

TWO out of five Americans—adult city folks, that is—enjoy reading sufficiently well to say so in response to the question: "What is one of your favorite ways of spending your spare time?" The question, be it noted, was fairly put—the witnesses were not led with "You like to read, don't you?"

This highly vital statistic was adduced as the result of a survey conducted by the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Denver among residents of seventeen cities of which the largest were Chicago and Philadelphia and the smallest Atlanta and Hartford. The results of the poll are summarized in the *American Library Association Bulletin* by Olga M. Peterson. As Miss Peterson points out, reading does not necessarily here mean reading a book. "They may be thinking of religious tracts, recipes, or racing sheets." Further questioning, however, produced the information that twenty-two per cent of those interviewed spend more than seven hours a week reading books, as against fifty-six per cent who devote the same time to newspapers and magazines exclusively. Education, inevitably, makes a big difference. Of one hundred persons who attended college, forty-one spend at least an hour a day reading books. Of one hundred persons who never went beyond grade school, only thirteen are one-hour-a-day book readers.

Human behavior, interesting personalities, and homemaking are the most popular categories among book readers. (Miss Peterson thinks these terms may have frightened some of the interviewed—"human behavior is a pretty pompous term for the life and loves of Casanova," she observes.) Politics and poetry, unfortunately, are at the tail-end of the list.

Library-card distribution is pretty good. Thirty-two out of a hundred adult urban Americans hold library cards. Seventeen of a hundred fellow citizens enter a public library once a week. Exactly four times as many attend a weekly movie. That is heartening news—offhand one would have given the movies a bigger edge. Who ever saw a queue in front of a public library?

"Why don't more people use the public library?" the A.L.A. naturally wanted to know. Too busy, say most of the non-users. Six out of a hundred say library service is unsatisfactory—one would like to know just what they mean. Too warm? Too draughty? Popular titles never in? Uppity or indifferent librarians? Unappetizing decor? Not enough umbrella stands? But twelve of a hundred believe *other* people avoid libraries because they don't like the service. Inconvenient location is another factor, and in this connection it is interesting to note that branch libraries are more popular than main libraries. Some persons are not free when libraries are open. Others can't read.

Library economics are a perpetually-shelved book to most of our neighbors. Forty-five percent of those questioned had no idea how public libraries are financed, and another twenty-three are so uncertain that they might as well be lumped in with the forty-five.

The most hopeful and stimulating item in the whole survey is the fact that, asked how much difference it would make to their city if there were no public library, seventy-eight per cent answered: "A great deal." A more conservative sixteen per cent said: "Quite a lot." Only four per cent had no answer or presumably would just as soon see their libraries burn down. Yet even here the affirmants seem to be speaking from a confused state of civic pride, as who would say: "We have seven police stations, twelve fire stations, three hospitals, and we certainly shouldn't be complete without a library." For when asked how much difference it would make to *them personally* if there were no public library, sixty-one per cent said: "Not much." But the thirty-two per cent of city residents who hold library cards almost close up the gap.

On the whole, the public library seems to come off pretty well in the survey. Figures are a confusing business at best, and it is often possible to read into them almost anything one cares to. But there is, perhaps, comfort in the thought that not one of the 2114 men and women interviewed asked: "Public library—what's that?"

J. T. W.

THE University of Caen was levelled by friendly and hostile fire in the furious pivotal struggle that brought about the breakthrough at Avranches and the re-conquest of France. Friends of the university library have initiated a campaign for $100,000 and 100,000 books. Standard literary texts in any language, suitable scholarly and scientific works, and files of learned journals, all in good condition, are sought. Books (marked "For Caen") should be sent to Columbia University Library, New York 27, N.Y., or Care Librarian, Court House, Montreal, P.Q. Checks, to the order of The American Library Association (Caen fund), should be sent to Horatio Smith, Columbia University, New York 27, or to Thibaudeau Rinfret, Chief Justice's Chambers, Supreme Court, Ottawa, Ont.

Devotion of a Craftsman

By Theodore Spencer

FORM that urges words from mind
Frees through unexpectedness
Order that blesses and will bless
Design, designer and designed.
(This we know who know we love)

Color that out of color grows
And changes as its neighbors change
Intenser greens with bluer snows
(This we know who know we love)
Flowers familiar into strange.

Mathematic sound that steers
Each note precisely to each note
(This we know who know we love)
Creates the nightmare's antidote
And hums all heaven about our ears.

The rhythm of feet that gaily prance
(This we know who know we love)
December doubt to April clarity
Floats a marriage in its trance
Of sweet authority with rarity.

This we know who know we love.
O all the grammar of our speech
Calls one verb; to love, to love;
Dancing, singing, each to each,
The word, the color, the Enough!
(This we know who know we love)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

More Reviewords

I'll read no further book reviews
Or other literary news
Until "definitive" is sent
To where "provocative" has went.

HERBERT WARFEL

Joliet, Ill.

The Old Order Changeth

SIR: Some other forgotten words: *Compose,* now always, or almost always, *comprise; because,* frequently occulted by *inasmuch as; let,* vanished in the shadow of *leave; genial,* swiftly obsolescing in favor of *congenial. View* is practically always *viewpoint,* of course, while the old familiar *weather* is just about universally glorified into *weather-conditions.*

GRANVILLE TRACE

Atascadero, Calif.

In Justice to Mr. K.

SIR: "There are references, though oddly enough, never explicitly by name, to Kierkegard," says Irwin Edman [*SRL,* Nov. 17].

Possibly Cyril Connolly just wasn't sure of the spelling—seems reasonable, since on the opposite page William Lynch makes it "Kierkegaard."

Which is correct? And just who is the guy?

ALLAN E. GOWER

South St. Paul, Minn.

"Kierkegaard" is correct. He is a Danish philosopher.—Ed.

Charles A. Dana

SIR: I am undertaking a book about Charles A. Dana. It is my aim to unearth as much new material and give as fresh treatment to the story as possible. For it is time that the legend of Dana and the *New York Sun* be given definitive form. The stay at Brook Farm, the years as Greeley's right-hand man, the interval in the War Department, the brief tenure as editor of the *Chicago Republican*—these and other facets of Dana's career require further examination if one is to appreciate the climactic years on the *Sun.*

I am eager to examine as much source material as possible, including the correspondence of Dana and the published or unpublished recollections of those who worked with him. I shall be grateful to those who can direct me to such material.

Of course, I am eager to exchange views on any aspect of my subject with interested persons.

ELMER GERTZ

Suite 1307, 221 North LaSalle St.,
Chicago 1, Ill.

School Days Until Sixty

SIR: Your magazine [November 10] with the article "Compulsory Education—6 to 60," by Foster Kennedy . . .

Now there is an idea our educators and public men and legislators can get their teeth into. However true and frightening and thrilling "Modern Man Is Obsolete" was and is, you're no further along the road to doing anything about it at the end of it than at the beginning. We've got to change—fine, but how? This article by Foster Kennedy is the first concrete and therefore exciting and heartening idea I've seen put forward.

Compulsory education — it's the right, the only way to bring about the necessary change in our attitudes. The ignorance and boredom and mental slothfulness of the vast majority of the people would be turned to account, and without this stimulus, it will never hoist itself by its own petard. Don't let this idea die. It's the way, the real way.

HELEN DICK DAVIS

Carter, Miss.

"Surely you won't hold us Wurttembergers responsible for any wrong the Russians may have committed."

The Jews of Central Europe

SIR: If I may, I should like to register a more or less restrained dissent to Mr. Jack Lewi's letter [*SRL,* Nov. 24] concerning the Zionist movement. Mr. Lewi is at pains to assert that he is a Jew: that he is not a Zionist; that "right now as never before" the Zionists are implicitly admitting "we're a people apart."

I submit that there are a handful of Jews remaining in Germany, Austria, and Poland. They have undergone much more suffering than Mr. Lewi, tucked snugly away in the tolerant haven of New Rochelle, can ever know.

I submit that these persons are yet unwanted in their psychotic native lands — unwanted to the extreme where they are being left to starve, to be frozen, to be beaten. I submit that the families and friends of these lonely survivors are dead or missing, that they can turn for help to no one.

I submit that it would be demanding superhuman saintliness, in any case, to expect people to resume normal intercourse with their would-be murderers.

I submit that these pitiable souls should not be forced to beg, as they are now begging, for a place to rest their tired heads, to close their eyes without fear. On the contrary, it is the world which should be petitioning *them*—for *their* forgiveness.

There was a time, once, when it could be logically said that the Holy Land would sustain only a small additional population; not nearly enough, it was said, to offer material solution to the Central European Jewish problem. Small additional population? Then that objection is valid no longer.

BARNEY DANIELS

New York, N.Y.

The Merriwell Boys

SIR: As a student of the Merriwell saga from the day when Frank entered Fardale until that sad afternoon when Dick was graduated from Yale, I am astounded by a startling inaccuracy in Mr. Holbrook's article [*SRL* Oct. 13]. I wouldn't have been more surprised if I had read that Columbus had written the Declaration of Independence.

I arise to the defense of Frank Merriwell, the ideal of my boyhood, the greatest pitcher of all time, and by all odds one of the great men of history. Frank didn't pitch the jump ball; he invented, controlled, mastered, and monopolized the double shoot, a pitched ball which curved either first in and then out or first out and then in, strictly at Frank's discretion. Young brother Dick delivered

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the jump ball. Of course, Dick wasn't a bum. His jump ball, which combatted the laws of gravity and antedated the atomic bomb by a generation, won all his games for him except a very few when the hirelings of Chet Arlington or Dale Sparkfair dropped mild doses of prussic acid into his tea. But to omit the double shoot or even to insinuate that Dick was in a class with Frank! Shades of old Cap Wiley! Dick didn't throw one double shoot in 624 issues of *Tip Top Weekly*. Perhaps that is the reason why Dick never attained Frank's stature or popularity.

Good old Burt L. Standish! I shall never know his like again. And I shall never enjoy any literature as much as I enjoyed *Tip Top Weekly*, even if it was smuggled into the attic or concealed within an unabridged geography.

A. DONALD WESTON

Allentown, Pa.

A Correction

SIR: There is a typographical error in my review of Pär Lagerkvist's "The Dwarf" [*SRL*, Dec. 1] which distorts the meaning of the sentence. I would be grateful for a correction. The last sentence of the first paragraph should read:

> We are pleased to make his [the author's] acquaintance, although one might wonder why the publishers have chosen to introduce him to this country with "The Dwarf," a study in degeneration marked by sure psychological insight but hardly conveying the author's full measure of breath and vitality.

HENRY B. KRANZ

New York, N.Y.

A Teacher Speaks His Piece

SIR: As I have been a high-school teacher for twenty years, teaching a subject I like and doing tolerably well at it, I am naturally interested in education and always read the articles in the *SRL* on this subject. To my simple mind these always seem entertaining and well done, but just as there are greater and lesser hierarchies in heaven, so it seems to me are there variations of excellence in these fine articles.

For instance, in the November 10 issue you printed "Compulsory Education—6 to 60" in which the author suggests that EVERYONE should be required to attend school part-time up until about the age of sixty. Presumably if a student did not learn anything by that time he would be allowed to quit anyway. I do not know why the proposal does not include a law to compel everyone to go to church on Sunday and prayer meeting on Thursday, to have a family of eight children, to love your enemies, and to refrain from writing foolish articles to *SRL;* it would not complicate matters any more.

I was sure his article had been written by a superintendent of schools —all of whom are constantly engaged in promoting the scope of their service—until I saw a reference to "other physicians," indicating Foster Kennedy's profession. Dr. Kennedy seems to think he has a medicine for most of the ailments of civilization, but I fear that his remedy, while sufficiently expensive to be impressive, is without value for these reasons: There is no such miraculous medicine; and if there were such a medicine people could not be forced to swallow it.

After struggling for years with the recalcitrant young, who seemingly are just as wide-awake as their parents, just as full of intellectual curiosity, and just about as stupid, I am convinced of the obvious truth that there is no such thing as compulsory education, any more than there is compulsory health or compulsory sex appeal. There is only compulsory schooling, which is of value to pound in fundamentals of learning up until the time a student reaches his saturation point, commonly at about the age of fourteen, often earlier. When a student is forced to attend school longer than his ability and interest warrant, which is the case with many at all times, he may like school, which he thinks of as sports, assemblies, band, rallies, friends, and all the thrilling events designed by cunning administrators, to put over their service, but he will not care anything about his classes, which he will barely endure or resent as undesirable features tending to spoil an otherwise good school. All the formal education that is ever taught through compulsion against resistance beyond the early grades of grammar school amounts to practically nothing as far as I have noticed.

Children are kept in school about 170 days or less per year through the combined efforts of administrators, parents, and hookey cops. The parents do not want them at home and they are not wanted on the labor market. Little Johnny is threatened with reform school if he plays hookey. So he goes and enjoys the sports and entertainments of various kinds. When he is forty years old I wonder how he could be forced to attend any kind of school, even part-time. Maybe by threats of jail for playing hookey and by enticing him with bowling alleys,

bars, night clubs, burlesque shows, and high-sounding degrees as a reward for making "units" by merely parking his fanny in a seat for a certain number of decades. I doubt if he could be compelled to attend—regardless of police efforts, honors, entertainment, and psychological trickery of any kind.

Children of above average ability can be and are being taught all of the subjects offered in schools, although there is a continuous complaint about their ignorance of spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, history, languages, and vocational skills. Those of below average ability have difficulty in grammar school and when because of the law or for other reasons they go on to high school they merely waste time. Because others have convinced them that schooling is going to make them more successful, or because they are having fun, they may stay in high school until they graduate (in these days of progressive education a moron need only keep quiet and refrain from throwing wads to graduate from high school), but they never learn to lift themselves by their bootstraps and never learn competence in the subjects studied. That compulsory schooling should do more for them at a mature age I doubt. Have you ever listened to the conversation of a gang of laborers at lunch time? Would you like to teach them grammar, history, languages, mathematics, or anything else against their will? I wouldn't; I would rather take a shovel, join the gang, and spend my leisure time getting drunk with them.

An answer to all this is the argument that universal compulsory education could be made so fascinating that *everyone* would not mind being compelled to become literate. I think this is fallacious, for if it were so why would it be necessary to resort to compulsion? It is not necessary to resort to compulsion to get people to do what they like to do. And as for the courses which theoretically ought to be so interesting to *everyone*, what could they be? You might think that professionals devoted to education could organize interesting compulsory courses of value if anyone could; yet what is more insufferably tiresome and entirely worthless than a teachers' institute? (Which must be attended annually for three days against their will by all elementary and secondary teachers of my state, and I believe this situation is about the same in other states.)

A system of voluntary adult education (evening schools and correspondence courses) is developing satisfactorily in the United States because it is designed only for those interested, and there is nothing compulsory about it.

Dr. Kennedy concludes his thoughtful but I think fallacious article by stating that whatever country or state first takes up his suggestion "will be firing a shot heard indeed around the world." To which I agree, but I am afraid that whoever starts it will be on the receiving end of subsequent shots from the vast horde of uninterested adults who do not want to go to school until they are sixty.

FREDERICK H. CLAYSON

Salinas, Calif.

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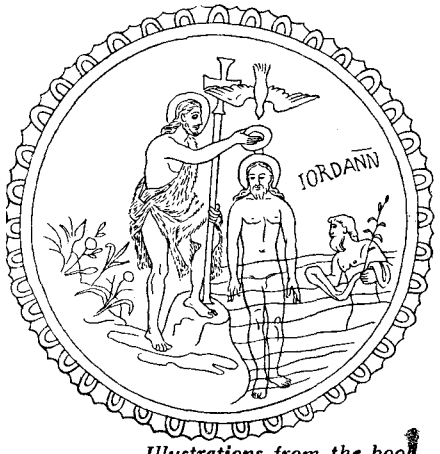
All the Religions There Ever Were

THE WISDOM TREE. By Emma Hawkridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 486 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by EDITH HAMILTON

THIS is a surprisingly interesting and a surprisingly well-written book. Surprising because it is an encyclopedic volume and such books are usually too hard pressed by facts to admit side interests or to aim at anything in the way of writing except conciseness and clarity. But Miss Hawkridge can write an admirably clear and concise account of all the religions there ever were, from the cave man to Christian Science, and make it excellent reading, illumine it with wisdom and wit and a gift for expression which produces often an unforgettable phrase. I shall always now when I think of ancient Crete, of those slender, elegant figures on the walls of Cnossus, repeat to myself Miss Hawkridge's perfect summary, "Cretan stylized civilization." Such vivid flashes light up page after page: "The Jews came to be a people whose homeland was their book and their imagination"; "The fusion of blood—Cretan, Mycenaean, Achaean, Dorian—made *a new chemistry of humanity* (italics mine) that flamed into Greek genius"; "The structure of its [the Middle Ages'] theology hung delicately like a chandelier from a ceiling of surmise," until "Copernicus threw a hard little nubbin of outer fact at it." It is a delight to read writing like that.



—Illustrations from the book

The book which is thus brilliantly decorated describes and discusses worship as it has taken shape in all ages and all the chief countries of the world. Miss Hawkridge approaches each one in the detached spirit of an observer who is at once interested and amused by the vagaries of gods and demons, of devotees and diviners, of priests and prophets. Her habitual attitude is a gentle irony: "The Council of Nicaea banished Arius for his variation of metaphysics." "While Plato allowed a serene exploration of possibilities, Augustine wanted definite certainty monopolized by his own group—and a vengeful torment for non-conformers." "Buddha shared this lack of robust delight in life that was prevalent in the great heat." "It is curious how worshippers imagine hideous punishments after death in order to hold themselves on the proper path by fear, and then spoil the whole effect by getting themselves released by magic formulae or prayers or the mercy of a deity."

That is the spirit in which Miss Hawkridge contemplates religion. Her keen and humorous eye searches out every absurdity of fantastic demon and devil, every bloody device of propitiation, every cruel and terrible and silly and senseless ritual. She lists, always as the detached observer of human folly—and cruelty—the intolerances through the ages down to us today. Her long—but never tiresome—recital of the way the religious impulse has been and is being used to terrify and blind the mind is something to fill any believer in religion with shame and contrition.

She finds good by the way. Some of the founders of religions she describes as having reached heights of truth (always swiftly retreated from by their followers) but they do not cut much of a figure in her book. In point of fact they stay in the background. That is odd in a history of religion. It would be quite natural in a history of philosophy. We are not concerned to know what Hegel was like or Descartes. But religion is habitually seen as embodied; saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs are a prominent part of its content. This is the instinctive, if unconscious, recognition that religion, unlike philosophy or art, or indeed anything else, is concerned with life and is realized only in human behavior. But Miss Hawkridge's habit of mind is impersonal; individual people hardly catch her attention, only their ideas when notably good or especially absurd. Socrates whose life was the final embodiment of the long Greek search for "excellence much labored for by the race of men," has but a couple of sentences given to him. In her record of Christianity she comes near to leaving Christ out, and in the few pages she concedes to Him he is a pallid and ill-defined figure, "the simple and saintly Jesus." His tremendous personality fades away into a gentle dreamer preoccupied with the life after death and inattentive to the claims of life on earth.

Her focus of interest in the chapter on Christianity is the organized church, whose history as she recounts

it is a well-nigh unrelieved record of persecutions and holy wars and greed for money and power and quibbling theologies and magical rites. No doubt as far as it goes it is true, but it is the history of Christianity with religion left out. That labor of the human race for excellence, man's long search for the meaning of life, have no place in this arresting book. Miss Hawkridge is not interested. The Greek mysteries of which Cicero wrote, "They have not only shown us how to live, but they have taught us how to die," are to her "rites giving certificates of certainty to the initiates and dangling before them the bright promise of bliss hereafter."

She writes: "The moment comes when a child must walk by himself. At this particular place in our progress this test comes. Is mankind brave enough to live as if there were no God to find his virtue uncompelled by fear—cleared of archaic sanctions?" That is her conclusion of the whole matter. This book is like a book on poetry brilliantly written by a person who does not like poetry.

"The true nature of anything," Aristotle says, "is what it becomes at its highest." There religion can rest its defense.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 612)

ROBERT PAYNE:
FOREVER CHINA

China was once a country in mythology; it is now an arsenal. The old China has gone forever . . . There are evils in China . . . but the heart of China lies in her youth, clean-limbed and handsome, determined to do away with the past.

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TRADE Winds

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

MOTION PICTURE ADDICTS will remember with considerable pleasure a Warner Brothers film called "Casablanca." It featured sultry love scenes by Bogart and Bergman, Dooley Wilson's dolorous rendition of "As Time Goes By," and a lot of extras with fezes to identify the locale. (Louis Untermeyer will tell you that he doesn't remember the villain's name, but his fez is familiar.) Now, by some process of thought understandable only to their legal department, the Warners have decided that anybody else who uses "Casablanca" in a title is not only a big sis, but liable for damages in court. This has irked the Marx Brothers, who want to call their new picture "A Night in Casablanca." Groucho is so irked, in fact, that he has written a philippic on the subject just long enough to enable me to rush out for a bottle of Schiaparelli's "Shocking" that my secretary Jezebel says I am adding to her Christmas present:

> Apparently there is more than one way of conquering a city and holding it as your own. For example, up to the time that we contemplated making a picture, I had no idea that the City of Casablanca belonged to Warner Brothers. However, it was only a few days after our announcement appeared that we received a long, ominous legal document, warning us not to use the name "Casablanca."
>
> It seems that, in 1471, Ferdinand Balboa Warner, the great-great-grandfather of Harry and Jack, while looking for a short cut to the city of Burbank, had stumbled on the shores of Africa and, raising his alpenstock, which he later turned in for a hundred shares of the common, he named it Casablanca.
>
> I just can't understand Warner Brothers' attitude. Even if they plan on re-releasing the picture, I am sure that the average movie fan could learn to distinguish between Ingrid Bergman and Harpo. I don't know whether I could, but I certainly would like to try.
>
> So they say they own Casablanca and that no one else can use that name without their permission. What about Warner Brothers—do they own that, too? They probably have the right to use the name Warner, but what about Brothers? Professionally, we were brothers long before they were. When Vitaphone was still a gleam in the inventor's eye, we were touring the sticks as the Marx Brothers and even before us, there had been other brothers—the Smith Brothers; the Brothers Karamazov; Dan Brouthers, an outfielder with Detroit, and "Brother, can you spare a dime?".
>
> The younger Warner Brother calls himself Jack. Does he claim that, too? It's not an original name—it was used long before he was born. Offhand, I can think of two Jacks—there was Jack of "Jack and the Beanstalk," and Jack the Ripper, who cut quite a figure in his day. As for Harry, the older brother, he probably signs his checks sure in the belief that he is the first Harry of all time and that all other Harrys are impostors. Offhand, I can think of two Harrys that preceded him. There was Light-Horse Harry Lee of Revolutionary fame and a Harry Appelbaum who lived on the corner of 93rd St. and Lexington Avenue. Appelbaum wasn't very well known—I've almost forgotten what he looked like—the last I heard of him he was selling neckties at Weber and Heilbroner; but I'll never forget his mother—she made the best apple strudel in Yorkville.
>
> This all seems to add up to a pretty bitter tirade but I don't mean it to. I love Warners—some of my best friends are Warner Brothers. It is even possible that I am doing them an injustice and that they themselves know nothing at all about this dog-in-the-Wanger attitude. It wouldn't surprise me at all to discover that the heads of Warner's legal department know nothing about this dispute and that the whole thing is the scheme of some tyro just out of law school.
>
> Well, he won't get away with it! We'll fight him to the highest court! No pasty-faced legal adventurer is going to cause bad blood between the Warners and the Marxes. We are all brothers under the skin and we'll remain friends till the very last reel of "A Night in Casablanca" goes tumbling over the spool.
>
> GROUCHO MARX

MY DIATRIBE AGAINST book fairs brought a chorus of approval, with only one dissenting voice to date. That was Lee Barker, of Doubleday. He writes:

> Having just returned from the Dallas Book Fair, I read with some surprise your article about book fairs in Trade Winds. Either I'm still deep in the heart of you-know-what or your conclusions are all wet.
>
> In the first place, all three Dallas papers coöperated, and the *Dallas News* and the *Dallas Times Herald* did such an outstanding publicity job that the rodeo, which was held at the same time, complained that their boys weren't getting any news breaks.
>
> Secondly, all the stores in Dallas not only coöperated in putting up the displays but they ran a combined book store in the Fair auditorium which according to my spies sold a hell of a lot of books. It's a fact also that business was so good in the downtown stores that the clerks didn't have time to wrap the books they sold. I've rarely seen better coöperation between sales and publicity.
>
> Sure, there were mistakes. There would have to be the first time. Some of the authors talked too long, some didn't talk well enough to be given platform room, some of them got lost on the way. But the show went on and by and large it was a good show which the people of Texas went for in a big way. I can't give you any figures to support all this. They'll be compiled later. But I can tell you that one author whose book was moving slowly in the Dallas and Fort Worth region appeared at the Fair and cleaned out the big advance orders in both towns. If this isn't worthwhile promotion what in heaven's name do you call it?

I STILL MAINTAIN that really good books are not helped by this kind of ballyhoo and that bad ones aren't worth it. The most interesting of the letters defending my point of view comes from Taylor Caldwell, author of "Dynasty of Death" and "Wide House":

> It was with some really poignant emotion that I read your remarks about book fairs in the November 10 issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, for I suffered a psychic trauma of lengthy duration after my first, and last, appearance as a "famous author" at one of said fairs.
>
> Rex Stout and I were the "famous authors" who appeared at a certain book fair in a large city. Rex, with aplomb, and with the appearance of a gentleman who has happily subsided under the influence of a powerful sedative, spouted amiably and pleasingly, if absently. I suspect he had imbibed before the event. My attempts in this direction had not been very successful in subduing my jitters, and I arrived on the platform not only with butterflies in the middle, but with a few large-sized rabbits, also. I had completely forgotten my "speech." I stared at a large

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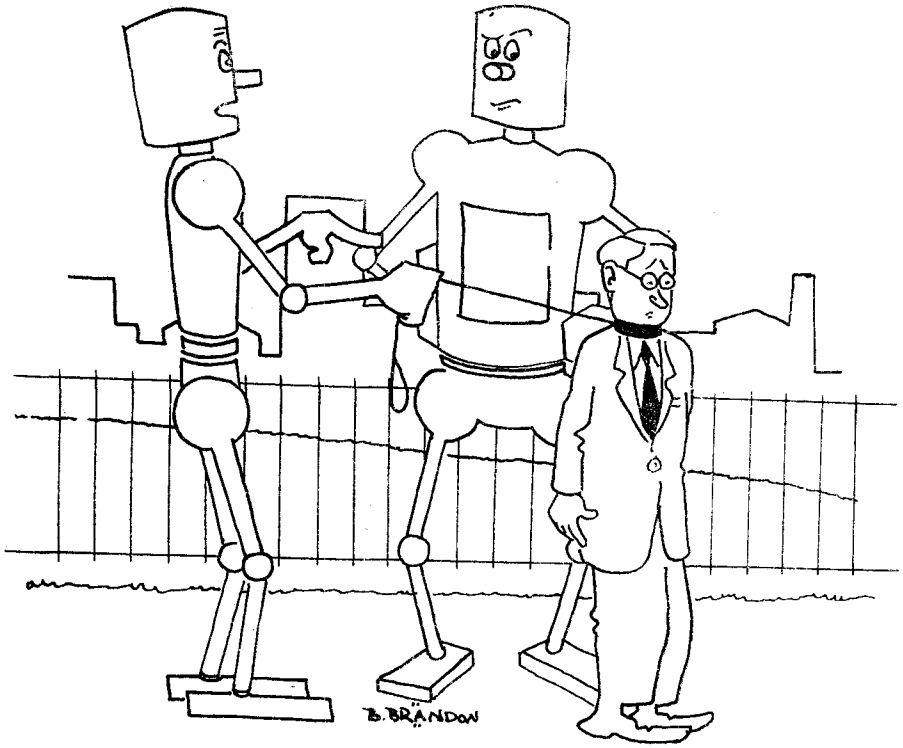


"It's a wonderful little thing, but it has no practical use."

assemblage of overstuffed matrons and understuffed adolescents, and they stared back at me with utter lethargy. I don't know what I said, but Rex, with Christian charity, later assured me that I had done very well, indeed, from which I gathered that I must have stank.

When approached for this event, the sponsor of the fair had enthusiastically written that "nothing so stimulates readers as personal contact with authors." I doubt it. My sales in that city showed a definite decline, rather than an increase. It is true that a nice room had been engaged for me in a nice hotel, and that my railroad fare had been paid, and that I was later plied with cocktails. But, beyond all this, nothing had been gained, and much lost. I returned home so unnerved that I was unable to work for several days.

Mr. Maxwell Perkins, editor of Scribners, had warned me not to accept such invitations. But I, in the first flush of a best-seller, heeded him not. The fact that I had never spoken in public before, that I am of a retiring disposition, and have a terrible habit of stammering when the least bit confused, did not deter me. It was only when I was on the rack that I realized what a foul exploitation of authors book fairs are, and how an author definitely loses prestige when exposing himself, or herself, to the critical eyes of an overwhelmingly female audience. Women authors, especially, are apt to be judged by the style of their clothes, their hairdos, and the color of their finger-nail polish. It is a horrific thing to think that your next opus will be coldly ignored by the ladies because they did not care for the fit of your gown or your taste in footwear. In fact, I overheard one severe matron say of me, disapprovingly, "Goodness, she looks just a—little—fast, doesn't she?" It was evidently a Methodist audience. They didn't like Rex's beard, either.

So, if there is anything you can say or do to prevent authors of either sex from being pilloried on book fair platforms, you have our blessings. . . .

I BRING THIS column to an appropriate close with a Christmas message from a famous radio comedian (with an excellent memory).

We're having an electric Christmas this year. Johnny got an electric train, Mary got an electric iron, ma got an electric ice box, and pa got the electric chair. Me, I went over to the zoo to get some Christmas seals.

My neighbor Swiggin has the real Christmas spirit — holly wreaths, mistletoe, decorated trees, etc. Last night I said to my wife: "Look, they're carrying in the yule log." "Yule log nothing," said my wife. "That's Swiggin."

I know what I'd like to give Fred Allen and Bob Hope for Christmas, but I'm not big enough. We gave our porter Mose a bottle of bourbon, but he slipped and broke it on the way to the kitchen. He moaned, "Lawdy me! Mah Chrismus is done come an' gone!"

I suppose you heard what Sandy McTavish did the night of December 23. He went behind the barn, fired his service revolver, and came back and told his kids that Santa Claus had committed suicide.

Nevertheless, a Merry Christmas to you all!

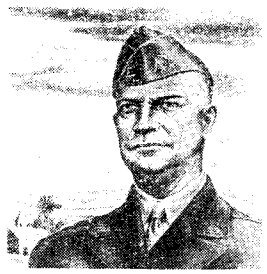
BENNETT CERF

"From where I sit"

PEOPLE come into our reception room with manuscripts about the war. If I've said it to them once, I've said it a thousand times—the public is turning away from war books, especially non-fiction accounts of campaigns and B-29s and escort-carriers and General so-and-so. It's cold turkey now.

But General Grant and General Lee and General Andrew Jackson are not cold turkey. And General Dwight D. Eisenhower is not cold turkey and he will not be cold turkey so far ahead as anyone would care to see.

Ike Eisenhower is the sort of man whose public and private qualities and whose tactics in everything he does are the seed of legends. Like all great men, he is composite, yet his one unifying consistency is that he does all things well. When matter fronts him, he sees its heart. The only things which he does a little more slowly than other things are the impossible things.



". . . this foxy, smiling, simple, lonely, frightened optimist . . ."

But it is not the point of this column to add another personal eulogy to the man. If you would like to meet the man personally while he shaves, or while he decides what to do with three million men who, should his decision prove wrong, might be splattered into anonymity, I recommend **Soldier of Democracy** by Kenneth S. Davis. Kenneth S. Davis is not a man who happened to be around with time on his hands. Davis was smoking a precious cigarette stub a few feet from Eisenhower on far more than the usual number of foggy mornings spent by correspondents who flit here and there for a brief glimpse and then go to their typewriters to tell you how the world sits. DAVIS learned about Ike from the dangerous ground up to the grim-smiling lips. And when he finally went to his typewriter, he revealed himself as a biographer of the first rank.

DAVIS revealed Ike as a man who could dictate the fate of nations with the simplicity and directness of a policeman directing traffic at a crowded intersection, or a fireman distributing water from his hose on the various centers of a conflagration. If you would know about this man who helped restore life to dying civilizations, this foxy, smiling, simple, lonely, frightened optimist, read **Soldier of Democracy**, and then read it again.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

YANKEE DOODLE HAMLET

WHEN Isadora Duncan wrote her life story, her career was nearing its end. What had begun with her as a principle had by then dwindled into a habit. This is why she had to confess she could no more remember the number of men she had loved than she could recall the number of times she had walked in the woods.

As a city-dweller, whose walks in the woods, however tame, have not been infrequent, I am compelled by Maurice Evans's new production of "Hamlet"* to make my own less sultry admissions. I can no more recall either the number of times I have read or sat before "Hamlet," since as a child I was taken to see Forbes-Robertson and E. H. Sothern, than Isadora could clock her lovers.

What is more humiliating, I can never remember, even when I have come to the theatre from a fresh rereading of the script, either the precise sequence of the scenes, or the exact moment when this or that soliloquy, or great speech or memorable line, will burst upon the ear.

At the opening of Mr. Evans's new "Hamlet," Mr. Toots Shor, the restaurateur, is reported to have whispered to Michael Todd, the producer, "Gee, this is real cops-and-robbers stuff. I'll bet I'm the only guy in this joint what don't know what's going to happen in the second act."

Although I do know what is going to happen, I find I remain moronically hazy as to when it will happen. At every performance the play manages to have unsuspected things to say. It possesses more than that quality of self-renewal which A. B. Walkley once insisted was the mark of the true classic. It remains inexhaustible; old and new, familiar and novel, all at one time. It refuses to be fully known. Although it invites exploration, it resists complete knowledge.

This is doubtless the mark of its greatness, just as the mountain's crest, unseeable because of clouds, is an indication of the height of the peak. This is why "Hamlet" keeps saying new things to actors no less than to playgoers. Why, too, no final interpretation of any of its parts is possible. In the best Pauline sense, "Hamlet" is all things to all men.

Mr. Evans is no newcomer to Elsinore. His "Hamlet" of seven seasons back did more than bring the uncut text, with its welcome revelations, for the first time to our stage. It also brought a new kind of Prince to Denmark. His Dane was an extrovert, a man of action, a bounding Legionnaire. He broke away from the tradition of those pale-faced neurotics, those sad Jung men, who, brilliant or befuddled, had inclined increasingly to mope about the palace, lamenting their lack of will, and burrowing into their subconcious.

Mr. Evans's Hamlet was politically-minded. He was the only Prince we had seen in a canvas Elsinore who could have followed his father on the throne. He died with politics inevitably on his tongue. To him the election of Fortinbras was of burning interest. He made it plain that he had the "cause," the "will," the "strength," and the "means" to do what he was fated to do. What delayed him was "some craven scruple of thinking too precisely on the event."

If anything, the Hamlet Mr. Evans presents in his new, Abelarded version is more virile than was his Dane when he employed the uncut text. He is all male, a man who, in Mr. Evans's fashion, is fresh from the Army. Mr. Evans's face is thinner than it was. About it there is something of the look of the recently returned G.I. Glancing at his Hamlet, one could swear that, instead of specializing in Freud when he was at Wittenberg, he had taken his courses in military science. And, what is more, enjoyed them. No wonder soldiers are his friends. They hale from the same outfit; belong to the same Post.

On the opening night of his uncut "Hamlet," when he had at last surrendered to the demands for a curtain speech, Mr. Evans explained his performance by saying, "I have long wanted to produce a 'Hamlet' which would be a play rather than a case of dyspepsia." Mr. Evans had a different,

—*Alfredo Valente*

Maurice Evans: "I have long wanted to produce a 'Hamlet' which would be a play rather than a case of dyspepsia."

but no less definite, idea when, as a major in our Army, he produced the tragedy in the Central Pacific to the delight of the troops.

"Your G.I.," he wrote in *The New York Times* a few Sundays back, "in theatre terms, is just a civilian with the gloves off. . . . Our current production endeavors to approach the play as if it had never been played before, and never been available in written form before. . . . For better or for worse, then, we are giving you a 'Hamlet' without the intellectual trimmings."

In other words, the aim of Mr. Evans's jeep version of "Hamlet" is to win the attention of the "uninitiated." The groundlings he has in mind are G.I.'s, in or out of uniform. To hold their interest, he sends the tragedy jostling on its way. He turns it, first and foremost, into a tale of action; a bloody and suspensive melodrama which, though it happens to have been orchestrated by the finest musician known to the English-speaking theatre, races through its climaxes. The result is a wonderfully exciting show, even if it is "Hamlet" with a large part of "Hamlet" left out.

To achieve the desired sweep, Mr. Evans, who was once the champion of the text in its entirety, now makes his many arbitrary cuts, the most wanton of which is his omission of the entire graveyard scene. With Irene Sharaff as his costume designer, he has pushed the play forward in time, placing it in a court of an indeterminate period. It is such a court as might have been found in Denmark during the first half of the last century, if only all the women at that court can be imagined as having lost their watches simultaneously and

*HAMLET, a play by William Shakespeare. Presented by Michael Todd. Staged by George Schaefer. Scenery by Frederick Stover. Costumes by Irene Sharaff. Music by Roger Adams. With Maurice Evans, Lili Darvas, Thomas Gomez, Thomas Chalmers, Frances Reid, Walter Coy, Emmett Rogers. At the Columbus Circle Theatre.

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'Harvey'
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
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Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
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wearing evening gowns at any hour of the day or night.

The settings of Frederick Stover are backgrounds of scant distinction. At their best, as at their worst, they are merely serviceable. This is one way of saying that, though they fail to heighten the action or create a mood, they do not impede the swift unfolding of the tragedy. At least, they have the pedestrian good sense to get out of the way of the evening's traffic.

The Queen, and those who hover about her in perennial decolleté, may tend to look like a costume-store's idea of the dresses worn in a Winter-halter. Even Mr. Evans, so effective when he dons a great cape and takes to khaki, sports during most of the performance a costume bearing a suspicious resemblance to the black uniform of a well-dressed chauffeur.

However disappointing the costumes may be, they are not disturbing. The chief requirement has been to find a period near enough in time to take the curse of the antique off the script, and yet a period unmechanized enough to justify the use of swords. When Orson Welles did his modern-dress "Caesar," the costuming was an integral part of the basic idea. Our eyes, no less than our ears, had to drink in what is ageless in the threat of dictators. In Mr. Evans's G.I. "Hamlet" the costuming functions more as an attempt to blow the dreaded dust off the past than to establish an inevitable parallel. The settings and costumes in this case remain, therefore, slightly unresolved. Their modernity is helpful, though not in the final dynamic sense that it would be if its emphasis were imperative.

If what one admires in the present production is its drive, its energy, and its consuming interest, what one misses is the depth and illumination of the uncut version. The fine, sly, subtle touches of Margaret Webster's interpretation are lacking in George Schaefer's direction. The secondary characters are left vague. They bob along the surface of the lines they speak without any probing of what lies beneath and behind the words they utter. Spiritually, at least, they are seen only in profile. Their innuendoes are almost non-existent.

Although Frances Reid as Ophelia plays the mad scene with originality,

OPENS WED. EVG., DEC. 26
THEATRE INCORPORATED presents
Gertrude LAWRENCE - Raymond MASSEY in
Pygmalion
by BERNARD SHAW
Staged by CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BARRYMORE, W. 47th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • MARTHA SCOTT • VICKI CUMMINGS
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
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"It's a Hit!" — MOREHOUSE, The Sun
DEEP ARE THE ROOTS
FULTON Theatre, 46th St. West of B'way.
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in ROBERT E. SHERWOOD'S New Play
THE RUGGED PATH
PLYMOUTH Theatre, W. 45th St. CI. 6-9156
Evgs. 8:40—$4.80 to 1.20. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"HURRY, FOLKS, GET YOUR TICKETS" N. Y. Times
Richard Kollmar & Jas. W. Gardiner present
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JOAN ROBERTS · JOHNNY DOWNS · LEW PARKER · DOLORES GRAY
Jane Deering • Jane Dulo • June Richmond
CENTURY Thea. 59th St. & 7th Ave. CI 7-3121
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed & Sat 2:30

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S COMPANY presents
BETTY FIELD
in ELMER RICE'S New Comedy
DREAM GIRL
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singing her songs this time from a book, she waits for the mad scene itself to overtake her before emerging as a character. Effective as is Lili Darvas's Queen in the closet scene, one never understands in the case of her Gertrude, as one did with Mady Christians's, what kind of woman she is, or what her feelings are about her two husbands. Victor Thorley's Ghost is excellently spoken. And Thomas Gomez's King is a believable character, even if the inner workings of his mind still remain hidden. But the Polonius of Thomas Chalmers is woefully undrawn. Mr. Chalmers plays the Counselor without taking pleasure in his garrulity. He acts him as a man who, although he has many words to speak, has not determined what he wants them to say. Most of the lesser parts are played no less negatively.

Yet there are compensations. Genuine ones, and many of them. Cut or uncut, whole or maimed, Shakespeare's tragedy refuses to lose its magic. As acted now, it may be the cops-and-robbers version Toots Shor sensed it as being. This means only that the excitements of its story-telling are at present irresistible. So, too, is the intoxicating melody of its verse. So is the excellence of Mr. Evans's own playing.

Some of the nuances of his earlier characterization may have vanished in his Willie-and-Joe version. But Mr. Evans is an actor of uncommon gifts. His voice is one of the finest musical instruments of our time. He does not so much read Shakespeare as release him. Although Mr. Evans manages to meet our realistic demands, he succeeds in escaping from them too. He is that rarity among modern players, an actor who is able to act; who loves to do so; and who makes us rejoice in his acting.

Nowadays we talk of actors, and as a rule we have such poor creatures in mind; men and women whose chief endowment is that they are able to hide the fact that they are acting. We talk of actors, and we mean people who have mastered the art of behaving in a room that has three walls precisely as they would behave if it had four. We talk of actors, and we think of everyday mortals whose major claim to distinction is that they have learned how to create the illusion of remaining their everyday selves *in public*.

The fault lies not in our stars but in ourselves, if most of our players, theatrically, are underlings. They are the victims of our expectancies, and we the victims of an age of prose. Their wings are clipped by the realism upon which we insist. This realism has turned down the flame of acting until it burns no more brightly than a gas jet. In our revolt against the robustious periwig-pated fellows of yesteryear, we have so torn to tatters the passion actors have for acting that we have left them with few passions to tear.

We go to our playhouses expecting our actors to be as ashamed of the theatre as we appear to be. Most generally we go welcoming everything which hides their connection with the stage as heartily as we approve of anything which masks the medium itself. Apparently, we do not want the theatre to be like the theatre any more; we want it to be like life. Which is one way of saying we want it to be untheatrical.

We are seduced into believing all this to be true until, as in the case of Mr. Evans, we are confronted with a player who gives us one of those chances, which at present so rarely come our way, of sampling the theatre when it is really being itself. Proudly. Unashamedly. Successfully. Then, of a sudden, we rediscover what it is that we have been missing. And are the more grateful for it.

JOHN MASON BROWN

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Prospero ("Tempest," IV, 1) to Ferdinand, after the masque of Iris, Ceres, and Juno.
2. Richard ("Richard II," V, 1) to himself, in soliloquy just before being murdered at Pomfret.
3. Jaques ("As You Like It," II, 7) to Duke and foresters when Orlando has interrupted their feast with word of Adam's hunger.
4. Quince ("Midsummer Night's Dream," III, 1) to Bottom, when the clowns meet for their rehearsal.
5. Macbeth ("Macbeth," V, 5) to Seyton, who has brought word of Lady Macbeth's death.
6. Falstaff ("Henry IV," Part 1,II, 4) to Hal, after that prince has told him the true story of the end of the robbery on Gadshill.
7. Chorus ("Henry V," Prologue) to the audience on the limitations of the Elizabethan stage.
8. Hamlet ("Hamlet," III, 2) to the players before their performance of the play-within-the-play.
9. Ulysses ("Troilus and Cressida," I, 3) to Agamemnon, as he tells of Achilles's and Patroclus's imitations of that Greek warrior.
10. Lear ("King Lear," IV, 6) to Gloucester, met in the country near Dover.
11. Cleopatra ("Antony and Cleopatra," V, 2) to Iras, when Cleopatra fears Antony and herself will be mocked in plays at Rome during a triumph of Octavius.
12. A Lord ("Taming of the Shrew," Induction) to players who are about to produce the drama before Christopher Sly.

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Without Benefit of Sidearms

SOLDIERS OF GOD. By Christopher Cross. In collaboration with Maj. Gen. William R. Arnold. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1945. 236 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by EDWARD ALLEN

THERE was something about the scattered foxholes of the recent war which made the job of an Army chaplain infinitely more difficult and dangerous than in the connected trenches of World War I. He had to travel more miles, with less shelter, to minister to smaller groups of men. His little band was spread thinly over every continent, and all the way from Iceland to the Burmese jungle.

In addition, his congregation was less literate in matters pertaining to religion than in the other war. A smaller percentage of soldiers had received instruction at their mother's knee. Then, too, the enemy's respect for religion and for all human values was less. His bombs were bigger. There was no boundary to No Man's Land.

Mr. Cross has tried in his book, written in collaboration with the Army's wartime Chief of Chaplains, to show how bravely, and with what reckless expenditure of health and comfort, the 8000 Army chaplains fought. The book does not probe deeply into the theological or philosophical bewilderment of laymen and ministers caught in the grisly barbecue. As General Arnold says in his introduction:

> The purpose . . . is not to select a few dramatic conversions to faith and point to these as proof of a religious upsurge. We all know that many men who never before were devoted to God have found faith under fire. That is one of the results of war, neither to be accepted as necessarily representative of the experiences of all service men, nor to be condemned as hypocritical or transitory.

One could wish that more space had been devoted to such phenomena as the United Protestant Church at Cabanatuan prison camp. Chaplain John K. Borneman described it as a union of Presbyterians, Lutherans, Episcopalians, Methodists, Disciples of Christ, Baptists, and United Brethren, with a board of twenty elected laymen and a combined choir.

Even more inspiring are the accounts of the ways in which Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish chaplains helped one another. Typical was the announcement of Chaplain James S. McGinnis: "Tomorrow is Sunday. I am a Catholic chaplain, but I will do my darnedest to give the Protestants a Protestant service at 0900, the Jews a Jewish service at 1000 and the Catholics a Catholic service at 1100. I will see you tomorrow."

The book, being the sort of document it is, contains only the spiritual victories of chaplains, none of the failures. There is no discussion of chaplains bucking for promotion, of underpaid ministers basking in the temporary security of decent pay, of chaplains talking out of turn or arguing against a Sunday drill. It is principally a compilation of authenticated anecdotes, and includes an index, a list of chaplains who were casualties, a list of chaplains who were awarded decorations, and thirty-four official pictures.

—*From the book*

Pvt. Leo Daniel Hogan of Picker, Okla., is baptized by a Southern Baptist chaplain, Lt. Col. William E. King of Lincoln, Ill., in the first sea-water immersion off the Anzio beachhead.

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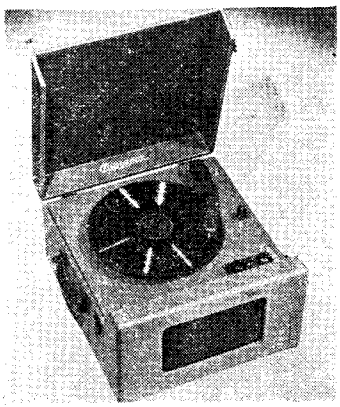

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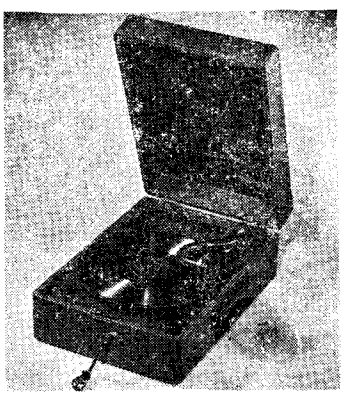

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Literary Sparring, No Holds Barred

THE MEMOIRS OF A SHY PORNOGRAPHER. By Kenneth Patchen. New York: New Directions. 1945. 242 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JEREMY INGALLS

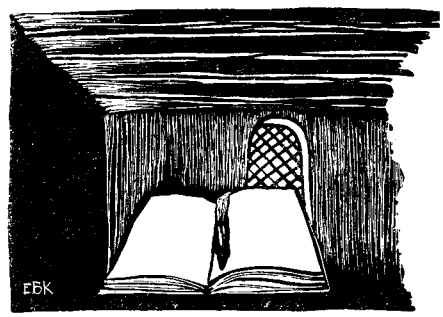
THE adventures of Albert Budd, well dredged by Kenneth Patchen, will be read for contradictory reasons and interpreted on the basis of a fair number of right and wrong premises. One premise will stand, that "The Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer" is satire, turning naturalistic and symbolistic writing inside out. "The Memoirs" buffets Hemingway, Steinbeck, Joyce, Bemelmans, Gertrude Stein, among others, and also joggles several poets. Its drawing - room, to - bar - and - beyond comedy, an assault by nightmare, exorcises roomfuls of gossip about music, poetry, sex, and politics.

Wan's laboratory, which, in the fourth chapter, appears as the closest for automatic production of books, book reviews, and "Everything for Everybody," is an appropriate first haven for Albert. His career involves horse races, prize fights, Hollywood, Hague and Hegel, gangsters, bored women, snickerers, zanies, fashionable columns, horror stories, fashionable child-care, the cult of American names, cannibals, revolutionists, and most ageless cartoons. It mows down a cornfield of puns. It stirs up ingenious and insidious parodies. The most ingenious parody is that of Joyce, beginning: "Ho! broder Bu-dde, dost h'ear mä Decree!"

As literary amusement including therapeutic satire on pornography, the book is exuberant with no holds barred. All who are touched can stand it; if they cannot, perhaps they had it coming to them. Patchen is using a defensible device, demonstrating commonalty of the human race through the fantasy-life, man as both pornographer and Parsifal, blown from unfortunate moles to green deer and lithograph angels.

To let the wind roar through the wish-house of the human mind, Rabelais, Swift, Voltaire, and others, before and since, have already knocked out the front and rear entrances. Patchen's book belongs to a known genre. It is neither unintelligible, as some readers declaim, nor startling, as some readers protest.

The book has a two-part structure, the major shift occurring in the seventh of the thirteen chapters. When Albert leaves "The Last Party" and goes on to "The Story of My Love," Patchen reaches more deeply into the theme, simplicity versus corruption, which controls his text. In the latter half of the book occur such key lines as: "Everyman is the God who stands before you"; "Where are the dead?"; "What does being a man mean?" "A deep sympathy and love for people" travels from the first chapters of Albert's unfortunate experiments in friendship to his last chapter of escapades in heaven. But the dichotomy in technique, presenting social and



theological speculation under the mask of clownishness turns upon itself. Albert and Priscilla, debating God, the burning bush, war, and other solid problems, expose themselves to a second round of the satiric hurricane, become parodies of themselves. The simple become oversimple. When, in the twelfth chapter, Albert asks, "Can you tell me how I may find a door that will lead out of this house?" and goes on to his comedy resolution, inadequacy remains which cannot be entirely glossed with a reminder that, perhaps and after all, there was no more the author meant to say.

Patchen is more expert in destruction by satire than in construction by contemplation. These adventures in human nature expose and dispose of man's forgivable weakness of *libido*. Symbolic green deer and tall candles may guide his followers through the lands of the trimmers and the carnal sinners. But there is still a long trip through Inferno to the hill on the other side. The simple is made oversimple. Questions of war, for instance, and "thou shalt not kill" nailed into Patchen's twelfth chapter, have to do with prides and treasons beyond the scope of Albert's garret and cellar adventures.

The author, after all, may mean what he says. He accords his book the sub-title, "An Amusement." His satire, within its range of objects, performs a vigorous and often hilarious function. But some of Patchen's readers, over-persuaded by Albert's meditations, will not take his titles lightly. When a sophistical society reaches its predictable moment of revulsion against itself, it is not uncommon for those in flight to stumble into a pit, mistaking it for a premise. The causeway between the wisdom of simplicity and the deceptive warmth of sentimentality is narrow.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
PASSPORT TO OBLIVION *Babbs Lee* (Charles Scribner's: $2.)	Argus Steele, detective, and his lovely Ellen become involved in murder and mayhem in Portugal by discovering nest of nasty Nazis.	There is about everything in this post-war espionage novel that its wartime predecessor contained. For good measure there is a fabulous palace with torture dungeons, good background, plenty of suspense and action, marred by a lack of belief on the reader's part in both characters and plot.	Fair
THE NOOSE IS DRAWN *Wiletta Ann Barber and R. F. Schabelitz* (Charles Scribner's: $2.)	The Christopher Storms at work again on a murder mixed with connubial persiflage — this time in a New York apartment.	Mrs. Storm finds a battered body outside her penthouse apartment. Finger marks of a hand with nails cut to the quick reveal murderer. Good plot, smooth dialogue.	Good
DEATH MY DARLING DAUGHTER *Jonathan Stagge* (Crime Club: $2)	Aristocratic Mass. mansion scene of mass murders solved by Dr. Westlake with impish daughter's assistance.	Murder-attracting medico encounters plenty of snags in solution of triple-cyaniding and other vial deeds.	Satisfactorily frenetic

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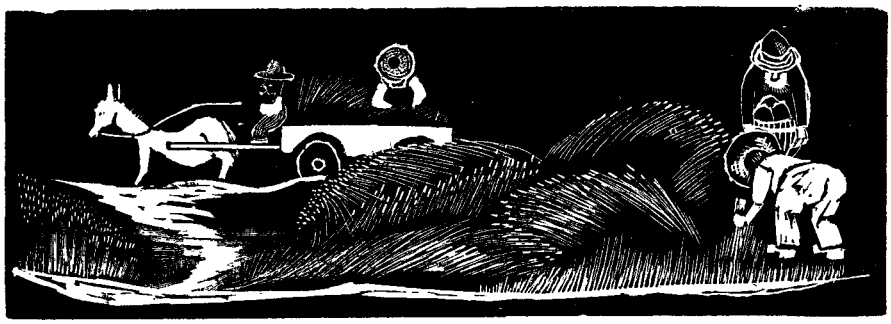
THE NEW SIN

(*Continued from page 5*)

aid the entire globe to do so, then we have the best chance to escape destruction through the use of the atomic bomb or any other horrible instruments. For global prosperity is the best preventive of war. Such prosperity will not alone insure peace. Governmental devices for world order are also essential. But such devices will not yield peace if those inhabiting large areas of the globe are in dire want—and especially if that be true while America prospers.

Here let me, parenthetically, make a confession: In despair occasioned by the consequences of World War I and the intrigues of European diplomacy, I was one of those who believed that the United States should stay out of future European wars, and that it should cultivate its own garden, confining its major interests to the Western Hemisphere. It then seemed to me that modern technology made it possible for America, without recourse to Europe, to advance its civilization. But



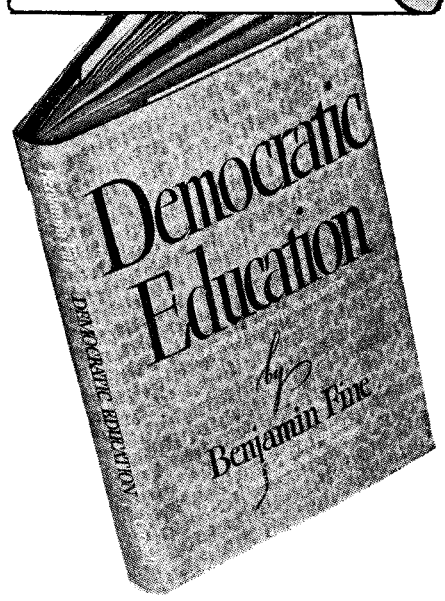
the fall of France in 1940 taught me belatedly, as it did many others, that the same technology which made such a civilization possible had an evil twin, military technology, which made military isolation impossible. And that impossibility requires that America participate in world affairs in peace as well as war.

It is heartening that, of recent days, many persons who cannot be laughed off by the ultra-conservatives as starry-eyed visionaries are looking forward, not backward, are eager to bring about intelligent coöperation between business and government in the economic area. They seek a middle ground between the anarchy of unrestrained let-alone-ism and a complete governmental guardianship of everyone. In a pamphlet put out last year by the Machinery and Allied Products Institute, whose officials are the officers of some of our largest corporations, it was said: "Fear of a recurrence of the great depression has come to be a spectre that haunts our feasts, like Banquo's ghost. That such a catastrophe must be prevented is an axiom of present-day policies. It is axiomatic also that government must play an important role in this undertaking, a role that will break new ground and raise problems of exceptional difficulty." And "capitalism," the brochure continues, "can no longer claim exclusive jurisdiction over the American economy, and it is the part of wisdom not to demand it." I refer you, also, to the utterances of leading industrialists and businessmen such as Paul Hoffman, Beardsley Ruml, and others who have formed the Committee on Economic Development.

That this new viewpoint cuts across party lines is shown by the statement made in 1941 by Russell Davenport, former editor of *Fortune* and closely associated with Wendell Willkie in his campaign for the Presidency in 1940. We are witnessing, said Davenport (echoing Simon Patten), "a revolution against scarcity." The "motive force," he asserted, "is the idea of plenty . . . not just for the few but for all." Our "libertarian economics," he continued, have not worked "for the good of all"; too many men have suffered the "degradation" of "economic slavery." To achieve "security and opportunity, the prejudices and shibboleths of the nineteenth century must be abandoned." We must give up the "fallacy . . . of subordinating scientific and industrial development to the arbitrary and haphazard requirements of a political economy inherited from a pre-scientific era."

I SUGGEST that we must measure normality in terms of the rate of our approach to a world of plenty. I suggest that, in so far as we retard the approach to such a world, we are not only abnormal but immoral, since our failure to move promptly in that direction almost surely will mean the extinction of mankind. Thus the constructive and destructive aspects of modern technology interlace: If we do not adequately exploit its constructive potentialities, we ensure the exploita-

A Report on the Colleges



By BENJAMIN FINE

Education Editor, New York Times, and author of their Pulitzer Prize-winning articles on the teaching of American history

WILL the man who has rubbed elbows in the army with everyday, average Americans be content to come home and attend a "gentlemen's finishing school?" Benjamin Fine says he will not. In this hard-hitting book he discusses their real needs; sharply analyzes the programs of both "aristocratic" and "democratic" colleges; and offers some pungent comments on the liberal vs. vocational education controversy. A book for every college-minded veteran, every high school boy and girl—and all parents.

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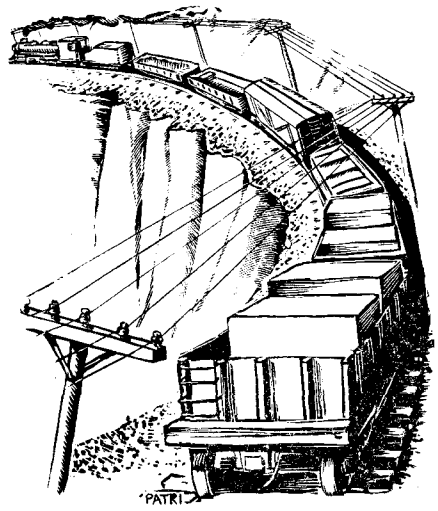
tion of its destructive potentialities. Here, then, is a new sin: It is sinful today not to promote actively the coming of the Age of Plenty. It is sinful to do anything which blocks the advent of that Age.

In America it is, therefore, a sin to impede the full employment of our industrial equipment and of our scientific knowledge. Those men are sinners who, adopting the neck-twisting posture of Mrs. Lot, strive for what Harding (our tawdriest experiment in Presidents) called normalcy, the speedy return to pre-war conditions. How, rejecting such normalcy as a sin, we should advance to a dynamic, progressive normality, I shall not here undertake to say. The task is complicated. But, with the will to do so, America can perform that task.

However, meshed as our welfare now is with world-welfare, we cannot perform that task unless we maintain basic harmony with the other great nations, including Russia. To that end, we must have an understanding of Russia's orientation. Patently, her political and economic methods differ strikingly from ours. So, too, do her antecedents. Her present regime began in a revolution. But a revolution seldom brings a complete disjunction with the past; as de Tocqueville noted long ago, the French Revolution adopted the centralized administration of the preceding French monarchy; our own revolution retained many English colonial institutions. So we should not be surprised that revolutionary Russia has been authoritarian, for it succeeded a long-established authoritarian state, the Czarist tyranny. More important, the present Russian government, since its inception in 1917, has lived in a condition of constant preparation for war, a preparation amply justified by events following shortly after World War I (including American invasion of Russian soil) and events which occurred just before World War II (including the conduct of Chamberlain at Munich). Those and other happenings engendered, naturally enough, Russian suspicions of the motives of other countries—suspicions which, for our own sake, we must allay. Think how distrustful we would be of Russia today had her armies invaded California some twenty-five years ago.

LET us not forget that, in significant ways, the Soviets have followed our pattern. In a few decades they have substituted mass literacy for the wholesale illiteracy characteristic of the Czarist rule. The American principle of the melting-pot has been deliberately applied, and by a most intelligent device: Each of the



immense number of nationalities on Russian territory has been encouraged to develop its unique cultural qualities, with the seemingly paradoxical result that national cultural aspirations have ceased to be explosive, and assimilation has eventuated even more successfully than in our own land. Racism, made a crime, has been extirpated; there is, alas, more of it in America than in Russia.

Above all, the Russian government is sincerely bent on attaining a surplus economy for the Russian people. That policy could not be systematically pursued as long as war threatened or existed; it will be a feasible policy only when war and fear of war have vanished. And the Russian government has promised that, in a period of prolonged prosperous peace, it will accord increasing political democracy to its citizens. With our help, such a period of peace can now ensue. That, even so, Russia will become our kind of political democracy, or that it will rub its economic lamp just as we do, is not to be expected. But that its methods will grow to be more like ours is not at all impossible; it is indeed probable.

Doubtless you, like me, although steadfastly opposed to Communism in America, nevertheless agree with President Truman's recent remark to the effect that, despite disagreements at the London Conference, there are not now and need never be any major conflicts between us and Russia.

I spent a recent week in Washington, where I heard many officials say that we can and must learn how to compromise with Russia—while not appeasing her. One of them referred to the differences with Russia encountered at London as similar to those experienced in many difficult, important negotiations between private persons. He said, by way of analogy: "But a few weeks ago many press commentators talked as if there were insurmountable obstacles to amicable trade and financial arrangements with England; yet we are now apparently on our way to an adjustment." There seemed to me to be a general agreement that effective cooperation with Russia is an indispensable condition of mere human survival.

But, I maintain, such coöperation can be—it should be—more than that. Working understandingly with Russia and with democratic-socialist England, democratic-capitalist America can win for the human race an age of peace and plenty under a sane world-order.

Such a consummation, however, no matter how imperative, is not guaranteed. We must earn it. To think otherwise is dangerous. Simon Patten in his writings sometimes seemed, thus dangerously, to imply that the coming of an age of peace and plenty was inevitable. "Disease, oppression, irregular work, premature old age, and race hatreds," he wrote, "characterize the vanishing age of deficit; plenty of food, shelter, capital, security . . . define the age of surplus in which we act." Yet at other times, he spoke more circumspectly. He referred to the "social obstacles which do not originate in nature, but in those past conditions, retaining present potency, that have aligned men into antagonistic classes at home and into hostile groups abroad." Those "social obstacles," he said, "will never be overcome until an intellectual revolution shall have freed men's minds from . . . stultifying social traditions. . . . The philosophy of deficit, which has long colored men's thoughts, deeds, and institutions, must give way to an enthusiasm that revolts from "outmoded opinions." For "opinions . . . and superstitions live on endlessly, unless overcome by resolute men."

There I concur. Human welfare is not predestined. It represents a task—something which we can achieve only through resolute efforts and intelligence. It will come about if we make it come about. If we are unintelligent, if we do not throw off the ascetic mood, if we do not sagaciously adapt ourselves to our amazing potentialities for good, we shall, I think, soon eliminate civilization and probably mankind. That portentous fact should not induce morbidity. It is a challenge to our courage, our adaptability, our ingenuity, our humanity. We must shift from wishful thinking to what someone has happily called "thinkful wishing." I urge you, with earnestness, to go and think wishfully about our future, and to do so promptly, for today we live by the second hand of the clock.

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ONE WAY TO WRITE NOVELS

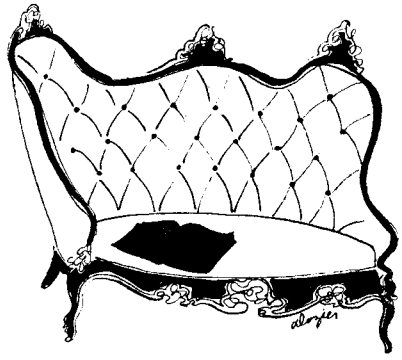
(Continued from page 14)

ticed. Several members of my family, it is true, possessed brilliant minds and were widely and deeply read; but all despised what they called "local talent," and my early work was written in secret to escape ridicule, alert, pointed, and not the less destructive because it was playful. There is more truth than wit in the gibe that every Southern novelist must first make his reputation in the North. Perhaps this is why so many Southern novelists write of the South as if it were a fabulous country. When a bound copy of my first book reached me, I hid it under my pillow while a cousin who had run in before breakfast prattled beside my bed of the young men who had quarreled over the privilege of taking her to the Easter German, as the cotillion was called. Had I entered the world by way of Oxford, or even by way of Bloomsbury, I might now be able to speak or write of my books without a feeling of outraged reserve. And yet, in the very act of writing these words, my literary conscience, a nuisance to any writer, inquires if ideas were really free at Oxford, or even in Bloomsbury, at the end of the century, and if all the enfranchised spirits who babble of prohibited subjects nowadays are either wiser or better than the happy hypocrites of the nineties.

From this dubious prelude it might be inferred that I consider the craft of fiction merely another form of mental inertia. On the contrary, I agree with those writers who have found actual writing to be the hardest work in the world. What I am concerned with at the moment, however, is the beginning of a novel alone, not the endless drudgery that wrung from Stevenson the complaint, "The practice of letters is miserably harassing to the mind; and after an hour or two's work, all the more human portion of an author is extinct; he will bully, backbite, and speak daggers." For being a true novelist, even if one's work is not worth the price of a cherry to public or publisher, takes all that one has to give and still something more. Yet the matter is not one of choice but of fatality. Like the enjoyment of music, or a love for El Greco, or a pleasure in gardening, or the taste for pomegranates, or a preference for Santayana's prose, the bent of nature is either there or it is not there.

For my own part, the only method I have deliberately cultivated has been a system of constant renewal. If novels should be, as Sir Leslie Stephen has said, "transfigured experience," then I have endeavored, whenever it was possible, to deepen experience and to heighten what I prefer to call illumination, to increase my understanding of that truth of life which has never become completely reconciled with the truth of fiction. I do not mean by this that life should necessarily be eventful or filled with variable activities. Profound emotion does not inevitably bear "the pageant of a bleeding heart." Several of the most thrilling lives in all literature were lived amid the unconquerable desolation of the Yorkshire moors. Yet it is doubtful if either the exposed heart of Byron or the brazen trumpet of D. H. Lawrence contained such burning realities as were hidden beneath the quiet fortitude of Emily Bronte.

Because of some natural inability to observe and to record instead of to create, I have never used an actual



scene until the impression it left had sifted down into imagined surroundings. A theme becomes real to me only after it is clothed in living values; but these values must be drawn directly from the imagination and indirectly, if at all, from expereince. Invariably the characters appear first, and slowly and gradually build up their own world and spin the situation and atmosphere out of themselves. Strangely enough, the horizon of this real or visionary world is limited by the impressions or recollections of my early childhood. If I were to walk out into the country and pick a scene for a book, it would remain as flat and lifeless as cardboard; but the places I loved or hated between the ages of three and thirteen compose an inexhaustible landscape of memory. Occasionally, it is true, I have returned to a scene to verify details, though for freshness and force I have trusted implicitly to the vision within. And just as my scene is built up from fragments of the past, whether that past existed in fact or in a dream, so

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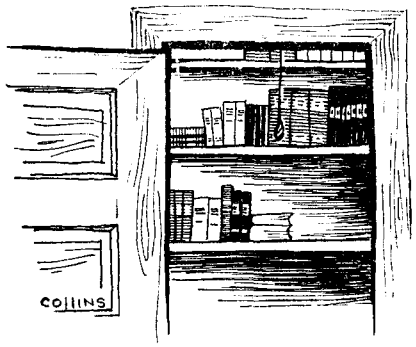
the human figures, though not one of them has been copied from my acquaintances, will startle me by displaying a familiar traitor gesture, and I will recognize with a shock some special blending of characteristics.

Frequently, these impressions have been buried so long and so deep that I have entirely forgotten them until they float upward to the surface of thought. Yet they are not dead but living, and recover warmth and animation after the creative faculty has revived them. In the same way, half-obliterated images, events, or episodes, observed in moments of intense experience, will flash back into a scene or a figure; and this is equally true of the most trivial detail my memory has registered. For example, in one of the tragic hours of my youth I looked out of a window and saw two sparrows quarreling in the rain on a roof. Twenty years or more afterwards, a character in one of my novels looks out of a window in a moment of heartbreak and sees two sparrows quarrelling in the rain. And, immediately, light streamed back, as if it were cast by the rays of a lantern, into the unlit recesses of memory, and I felt the old grief in my heart and saw the rain fall on the roof and the two sparrows quarrelling.

Because everything that one has seen or heard or thought or felt leaves a deposit that never filters entirely through the essence of mind, I believe that a novelist should be perpetually engaged in this effort to refresh and replenish his source. I am confident, moreover, that nothing I have learned either from life or from literature has been wasted. Whatever I have thought or felt deeply has stayed with me, if only in fragments or in a distillation of memory. But the untiring critic within has winnowed, reassorted, and disposed the material I needed.

NOT until the unconscious worker has withdrawn from the task, or taken a holiday, and the characters have woven their own background and circumstances, does the actual drudgery of moulding the mass-substance begin. Even now, after the groundwork is completed and the subject assembled, I still give time and thought (brooding is the more accurate term) to the construction. I try not to hasten the process and to leave the invisible agent to flash directions or warnings. The book must have a form. This is essential. It may be shaped like a millstone or an hour-glass or an Indian tomahawk or a lace fan—but a shape it must have. Usually a novel assumes its own figure when it enters the world, and the underlying idea moulds the plastic material to its own structure. More deliberately, the point of view is considered and selected, though this may, and often does, proceed naturally from the unities of time and place, or from one completely dominant figure. In "Barren Ground," a long novel, I felt from the moment Dorinda entered the book that there could be but one point of view. From the first page to the last, no scene or episode or human figure appears outside her field of vision or imagination.

In "The Sheltered Life," where I knew intuitively that the angle of vision must create the form, I employed two points of view alone, though they



were separated by the whole range of experience. Age and youth look on the same scene, the same persons, the same events and occasions, the same tragedy in the end. Between these conflicting points of view the story flows on, like a stream in a narrow valley. Nothing happens that is not seen, on one side, through the steady gaze of the old man, seeing life as it is, and, on the other side, by the troubled eyes of the young girl, seeing life as she would wish it to be. Purposely, I have tried here to interpret reality through the dissimilar mediums of thought and emotion. I have been careful to allow no other aspects to impinge on the contrasting visions which create between them the organic whole of the book. This convention, which appears uncertain, when one thinks of it, becomes natural and even involuntary when the work grows, develops, pushes out with its own energy, and finds its own tempo.

While I am at work on a book I remain, or try to remain, in a state of immersion. The first draft of a novel, if it is long, will take two years, and still another year is required for the final writing. All this time the imaginary setting becomes the native country of my mind, and the characters are seldom out of my thoughts. I live with them day and night; they are more real to me than acquaintances in the flesh. In our nursery copy of "Gulliver's Travels" there was a picture which seems, when I recall it now, to illustrate my predicament in the final draft of a novel. Gulliver lies bound in threads while the Lilliputians swarm over him and hamper his struggles. So words swarm over me and hamper my efforts to seize the right one among them, to find the right rhythm, the right tone, the right accent. But here again intuition, or perhaps only a flare of organized memory, will come to my aid. Often, when I have searched for hours for some special word or phrase and given up in despair, I have awaked with a start in the night because the hunted word or phrase had darted into my mind while I was asleep.

BUT still it is the act of scrupulous revision (endless pruning and trimming for the sake of a sound and flexible prose style) that provides the writer's best solace even while it makes drudgery. Every literary craftsman who respects his work has, I dare say, this same feeling, and remains restless and wandering in mind until he has entered the right climate in the beginning and tracked down the right word at the end. Although my characters may develop traits or actions I had not anticipated, the scenes may shift and alter in perspective, and new episodes may spring out on the way, still the end shines always as the solitary fixed star above the flux of creation. I have never written the first word of the first sentence until I knew what the last word of the last sentence would be. Sometimes I may rewrite the beginning many times, as I did in "They Stooped to Folly," and sometimes (though this has actually occured but once) a shorter book like "The Romantic Comedians," completely realized before pen was put to paper, may bubble over of itself with a kind of effortless joy. Yet in the difficult first chapter of "They Stooped to Folly" I could still look ahead, over a procession of characters that had slipped from my control, to the subdued scene at the end, while the concluding paragraph of "The Romantic Comedians" placed the tone of the entire book and accented the rhythm.

The final words to be said of any activity will always be, I suppose, was it worth what it cost? Well, the writing of fiction is worth, I imagine, exactly what digging a ditch or charting the heavens may be worth to the worker, and that is not a penny more or less than the release of mind that it brings. Although I may not speak as an authority, at least I can speak from long perseverance. I became a

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novelist before I was old enough to resist, and I remained a novelist because no other enterprise in life has afforded me the same interest or provided me with equal contentment. It is true that I have written only for the biased judgment within; but this inner critic has held an unattainable standard, and has infused a certain zest of adventure into what may appear on the surface to be merely another humdrum way of earning a livelihood. Still, to a beginner who is young and cherishes an ambition to be celebrated, I should recommend the short cut (or royal road) through the radio and Hollywood; and certainly more than one creative writer in search of swift economic security would do well to buy a new broom and to set out for the next crossing. But, incredible as it may appear in this practical decade, there are novelists so wanting in a sense of the best proletarian values that they place artistic integrity above the voice on the air, the flesh on the screen, and the dividends in the bank. There are others who possess an unreasoning faith in their own work; and there are yet others endowed with a comic spirit so robust, or so lively, that it can find diversion anywhere, even in our national exaltation of the inferior. To this happy company of neglected novelists, the ironic art of fiction will reveal its own special delights, and may even, as the years pass, yield its own sufficient, if imponderable, rewards.

In looking back through a long vista, I can see what I have called the method of constant renewal may be reduced to three ruling principles. Obedience to this self-imposed discipline has enabled me to write novels for more than thirty years, and yet to feel that the substance from which I draw material and energy is as fresh today as it was in my first youthful failure. As time moves on, I still see life in beginnings, moods in conflict, and change as the only permanent law. But the value of these qualities has been mellowed by long saturation with experience—by that essence of reality which one distils from life only after it has been lived.

Transposed into an impersonal method, the three rules of which I have spoken may be so arranged:

1. Always wait between books for the springs to fill up and flow over.
2. Always preserve within a wild sanctuary, an inaccessible valley of reveries.
3. Always, and as far as it is possible, endeavor to touch life on every side; but keep the central vision of the mind, the inmost light, untouched and untouchable.

In my modest way, these rules have helped me, not only to pursue the one calling for which I was designed alike by character and by inclination, but even to enjoy the prolonged study of a world that, as the sardonic insight of Henry Adams perceived, no "sensitive and timid natures could regard without a shudder."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 131

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 131 will be found in the next issue.

BKFCACK, MDFCACGHDK, MDFCACLBP, KBM FCACDJDN KHG ELHMJ NLBAKDBDBP FCAC.—GWWGB QKBG FLHAGH —WLOGWR NLBAHDTXALH.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 130

NOR TIME, NOR SPACE, NOR DEEP, NOR HIGH, CAN KEEP MY OWN AWAY FROM ME.

—JOHN BURROUGHS.
—*Waiting*

A Magic Mountain in Minnesota

BOY ALMIGHTY. By Feike Feikema. Saint Paul: The Webb Publishing Company. 1945. 338 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

LAST year Feike Feikema, a young Iowan, won for his first novel, "The Golden Bowl," an American Academy of Arts and Letters Fiction Award. Here was a young writer of remarkable vigor, of honesty and integrity, a poet whose realistic prose and occasional bitterness were more than matched by his growing optimism in men's goodness and the beauty of love.

While "Boy Almighty," Mr. Feikema's second work, is not yet a fulfilment of his promise because it is sometimes uneven and confused, it is one of the freshest novels of the year. With the depth of feeling that characterized "The Golden Bowl," a farmer's story, the author takes us this time into the Phoenix Sanatorium, where many hundreds of TB patients are fighting for their lives, a Magic Mountain in Minnesota, on a hill next to a fan-shaped lake browed by oaks and cornfields.

Eric Frey, the central character, a young, poor, struggling writer, is brought by ambulance out of his furnished room to this sanatorium. His disease is far advanced, as he has been starving himself while writing a novel; his chances of pulling through are slim. Each day is a gift for him and after two months his doctor tells him bluntly it may take many years before he is well enough to leave—if at all. How young Eric fights for his life and wins makes a magnificent and more than clinical study of a young, sometimes rather naive, sometimes cynical farmer's son whose body and spirit are violently struggling to defy all bitterness of earlier days, to forget the time when his father "had looked like a Jehova, a terrible Whipper," the years when Whippers had clapped him into poverty in school and later in the world of love.

This is a book about Eric who recovers and wins the love of Mary, a fellow patient, but also a book about people, young men and girls, all close to death, all eager to discuss happiness and sin, heaven and hell, and all feverishly clinging to hope and the next day. There are many touching and many amusing and some beautiful love scenes in this book of tragedy and miracles.

"Boy Almighty" is a thoughtful novel written in a mixture of crudest realism and sensitive poetry that often lifts sentences above pedestrian prose.

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the Phoenix Nest

STATE OF A NATION

There's hardly a bit of legislation
Congress hasn't turned the President down on.
If that's *their* spirit of coöperation,
It's one I frown on.

F. D. R. didn't take 'em for a lot of gabies,
But when they ganged up, he saw right through it;
And he knew that a few were mighty tough babies
And they knew he knew it.

Mr. Truman is truly an affable man
Though I don't think he's one of those sugar-coaters;
But he's got just about as far as he can
With General Motors.

This country is not a noxious fen.
On the other hand, it's not filled with elves.
There are plenty of hard-mouthed, strong-willed men
Who are out for— Themselves.

As long as they've got a stranglehold
On great big business, believe you me,
You can talk them soft, or you can scold,
But you will see.

They have power and lobbies—and that goes double—
And they goose old Congress into a fight.
And the U. S. Pres. is always in trouble.
He can't be right.

So I hope some day a Republican
Is elected Pres., just so that new-man,
In the day of his own big misery, can
Sympathize with Truman.

Take my advice then, Harry old thing,—
Don't let 'em stall and don't let 'em bluff;
But, while you are in there, really swing,
And treat 'em rough.

* * *

On the last day of November, Arthur Davison Ficke died. I think the fact he wrote some of the best sonnets in our time, and some fine lyrics, is as important a matter as any I can call to mind. He was not only a distinguished poet but a connoisseur of Japanese prints, and a man with a keen sense of humor. From the First World War he emerged as a lieutenant colonel of ordnance, though he always said that he didn't consider himself at all a military man, and so didn't know quite how it had happened. When he wrote "Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter," which Mitchell Kennerley issued originally in 1914, he contributed fresh young beauty to the temple of the sonnet, and of all the poems that have been written to Edna St. Vincent Millay, none to my mind is more beautiful than the sonnet-sequence which Arthur included in a new edition of his book in 1922, calling it "Epitaph for the Poet V [A Hymn to Intellectual Beauty]." He married a grand person and a fine painter, Gladys Brown, and they were very happy together. Of course everybody recalls the hoax he and Witter Bynner perpetrated in forming the Spectrist School. I have Elinor Wylie's copy of "Spectra," inscribed by both of them, in which Arthur has written "To Elinor Wylie the classic poet from Anne Knish poet

of the future!" He had fine sonnets in his book of 1942, "Tumultuous Shore." The last poem in it was explicit, that he felt poets should not sing "songs of present hate," "in venom of impulsive rhyme"—should not write of the war. I did not agree with him as to that; but "Sing the forgotten hopes of man," he ended, "The hour will come though it come late," and that I *do* agree to. Arthur always felt about the human body as the artist feels, and averred in this volume "I will speak nothing evil of / The body and its lowly birth." One of his most beautiful poems in the book is "Naked Girl on Hilltop," of which I have only room to quote two verses, which may well stand as a memorial to his art:

The naked body in its pride
Stood up triumphant on the hill.
I thought: How fiercely have they lied
Who would attribute all man's ill
To the clear body's innocent will.

She stood as noble as a tower
Pure of impeachment as the sky,
As much an earth-bloom as the flower;
The slow winds flowed austerely by,
And she was of their harmony.

* * *

MY FAVORITE MOVIE SCENE

(After an Evening with the Satevepost and the Radio)

My favorite scene comes in "Adam's Apple," at that thrilling pernt in the story where Merle Oberon, played by John W. Vandercook, speaking for Alka-Seltzer, bringing you the news of the world, falls down three flights of stairs into the sub-cellar of the House of Goons, and the Chief Goon, Bostitch (Peter Lorre), who is guzzling Piel's light beer of Broadway fame, and the second assistant Goon, Saul Hepatica (Sonny Tufts)—where's Delightful? Right at hand!—put her into that automatic toaster (watch her pop up!) while upstairs the agent for the Family Theft Policy (you don't often think of a Diesel as being Maternal!) furiously dials Nabisco Shredded about a toasting infringement, and Cary Grant (Myrna Loy—sister of Garbo Loy) hides in the Airtemp with an Electrolux and a dictophone, whereas, on the front steps, this guy Kromex (The Man: Bilbo)—he's tough but oh so gentle!—is reaping the mat and beating the rap and yoo-hooing to James Cagney (The World's Most Honored Watchman) about the old homestead, "Aminos" (read backwards spells Nature's) out at Saugerties. As may be surmised from even a cursory view of his life, Mortimer Snerd is the most domesticated man in the world to harass labor leaders, knowing as he does that the most successful ingredients for anything (*Yuh! Yuh!*) are experience and brains. But it was Miss Sampson (Verna Moy) at the door of his office again, and with a brief handshake — wa-a-a-a-ait a minute! It is this now Merle Oberon (Mistol) who has withdrawn overdrawn from the fleshy, flashy, frothy, hotspot afternoons of cokes-and-bridge on West 53rd Street (Jack and Charlie's) into the bucolic beauty of Bemis Corners away from it all, including Old Hardscrabble Rebel, The President of Nonpareil Plastic Specialties, and her best beau, Absorbine, Jr., to gather up the many-colored threads of a cobweb existence in Duck Hollow, all among the fluting of mocking-birds, the floating of swans, the flitting of butterflies and bees, and the flatting of Bing Crosby played by Bob Hope to represent a local musical aspirant engaging in verse tercher (Arthur Treacher) who mogles Erle (excuse *me*, Stoopnagle!) ogles Merle from a second-floor win-

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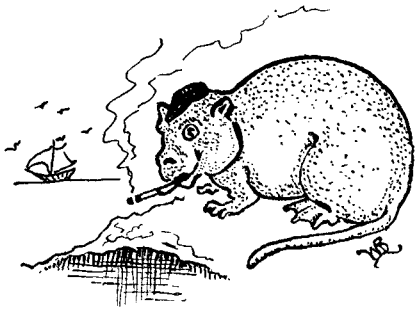
dow of the house next door. Alas! She has been attracted—while among the clothesline in the backyard trilling a happy little washday song—by the irresistible young Hammerhill Bond who knows the pathway to executive success which he beats past her door, just beyond the privet hedge and snowball bushes that surround the Bonderized bonbonage of her swimming-pooled country place, "Nutrex." Bing's turning up in that way in the House of Goons is really not his fault as he soon permanently leaves the premises, seeking his old flame, Kay Woodie, at Montpelier, Vermont, with his loyal companions, Royal Demuth and Fulton Lewis, Jr., by the time the Goons and Edgar Bergen have mured Lerle, loons have gured erl, (O drat it, drat it, Stoopnagle!), lured Merle by means of a fake telegram from Henry Morgenthau (Henry Morgenthau) about the National War Fund, into the hallway (out of the Drive) with the concealed trap-door. Bing!

I mean another bing, another thing, I mean she falls for it, through it, she do it, vo de oh doh, cacarachua, cab-calloway, *crash!*

But it all turns out all right! That's what I like about the picture. For Mojud is ma-a-a-aty purty, ma-a-a-aty smooth; but the two other fellows really turn out to be just Rosalind Russell (Don Dickerman) and old Clark Gable (Eddie Foy, Jr.) After all, after all, after all that. Vo de oh doh! *Imagine!*



CREATURES FOR CROSS WORDS
OH COYPU, YOU BOY YOU!

Why, surely You
Know the Coypu!
You don't? You do?
Well, I'll bet your women-folk have felt
The fur of its fine nutria pelt.
In the water it swims with its webbed hind feet.
It's *sweet!*

* * *

The Neatest Dictum of the Week seems to me the following, even though it was several weeks ago: "... almost nobody any more pays any real attention to writing."—Edmund Wilson, *The New Yorker*, Nov. 24, 1945. Spiffy English, too!

WILLIAM ROSE BENET

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientele; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to exchange of correspondence. Rates: 15 cents per word. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions follow—26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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SEEKING SECRETARIAL ANGEL with sharp imaginative mind, good command of English (for fiction). Possibility for making money which would be shared. Professional ghost writers, etc. please ignore this note. Box 658-M.

PERSONALS

SINCERE GENTLEMAN (beaurocrat), originally from West, interested in books, theater, music, sociology, languages, wishes correspondence with well- balancd lady, intelligent, but not an exhibitionist, tolerant, but with basic standards, introvert, but sociable, interested in art of living, but not Bohemian. Box 741-M.

SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK CITY there must be a family who, in an altruistic moment, would be willing to give up a room to provide living quarters for a young, male art student. Reasonable. Box 758-M.

PERSONABLE MALE, veteran, 29, single; interests musical, literary, athletic; desires position as traveling companion, secretary, or similar for winter season or longer. Box 742-M.

EX-NAVAL OFFICER, (not chairborne), former newspaper columnist, college graduate desires position with publisher. Competent grammarian, critic, editor. Single, 31, go anywhere. Box 743-M.

REAL WOMAN possessing warmth of spirit, sense of humor, and bit of culture would exchange notes with real man, mature, sensitive. No dullards. Box 744-M.

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WOMAN WRITER seeks person trained in literature and philosophy (preferably woman), of high character and intelligence, for occasional typing and research. Thomism and French desirable. Box 746-M.

NEWSPAPER WOMAN, two years' all-round writing experience, college; seeks live position with newspaper, magazine publisher or radio. Box 747-M.

PSYCHIANA WOMAN STUDENT, desired as companion for elderly couple. Box 748-M.

MATURE and thoughtful man would like to broaden his horizons by correspondence with gracious lady. Box 749-M.

COSMOPOLITAN young woman invites correspondence, high or low brow. Box 750-M.

YOUNG MAN wonders if there is a feminine correspondent literate enough to write about the Abbé De Choisy and Rachilde. Box 751-M.

ATTRACTIVE MODERN four-room apartment, 90's East Side, exchange for more room, maybe a garden, downtown New York. Box 752-M.

YOUNG, green, unpublished writer wishes to collaborate with same. New York. Box 753-M.

YOUNG WOMAN, slightly bored, would enjoy amusing correspondence, just for fun. Box 754-M.

WANTED: A copy of "A Real Criminal Case". George Butterly, 1775 Broadway, Circle 5-6999.

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YOUNG GIRL working for Masters' Degree, responsible, considerate, seeks room New York City with woman of character, possibly someone who never considered taking lodger. Highest references exchanged. Box 760-M.

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YOUNG MAN, openminded, individualistic, prefers Wolfe, Farrell, Dostoyevsky, and Ibsen, welcomes correspondence with congenial young lady. Box 761-M.

WHO WANTS the works of Charles Dickens in 30 volumes, nice, readable type for only $37.50. Box 646-M.

(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

WHILE SWEATING OUT CAR semi-rural Western veteran invites discerning tolerant feminine correspondence on advantages of rural life, joys of driving, beauty of contemporary art, trends of economics, interpretation of current events, epicurean and whimsical pursuits. Box 673-M.

LULL'S BROOK INN, closed these last 3½ years while I was at war, is open again. It's that small old-style farm-inn, inexpensive, way off the main road, near Hartland 4-Corners, Vermont. Come to ski, rest, or even earn a few dollars helping out around the farm. Gouverner Ogden, RFD No. 1, Windsor, Vermont.

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RETURNED RED CROSS WORKER wishes to rent or share room or small apartment (N.Y.) 3 months starting early January. Box 675-M.

YOUNG LADY, interested in books, theatre, music, art, world events, and sports, invites interesting male correspondence. Box 676-M.

HIBERNATING'S FINE FOR BEARS. But personally I'd like to get back to my job in New York. Do you know of an unfurnished 1- or 2-room apartment with kitchenette and bath for $50 or less? Box 677-M.

MINNESOTA RESIDENT asks if there are any school teachers who believe Psychiatric Services should be instituted in Minnesota schools from "grades" on up. Or are you "scart" of the Educational Trust? Also students from age 6 to 22 should vote on the curriculum and other policies. Even the Standard Oil lets their "little" stockholders vote, remember 1929 Rockefeller-Stewart battle of the proxies? The reason teachers and professors are underpaid and unappreciated is because they have been a party to BORING everybody including mediocre, *borderline genius and the real article.* Ex-BOREES have elephant memories, are now voters and tax-payers. Box 678-M.

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PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

HEREWITH is the letter in full received in reply to my inquiry to the G. and C. Merriam Co. about the discrepancy as to the composition of "The Spirit of '76":

Our editors assure you that Tompkins Harrison Matteson, 1813-1884, painted the patriotic "Spirit of '76" shortly after 1841 and sold it to the Art Union through the interest of Edmonds, the genre painter; he settled in New York after the success of his painting and exhibited frequently up to 1869. Three easily available sources for verifying these facts are the "Dictionary of American Biography," vol. xii, p. 411; Clement and Hutton, "Artists of the Nineteenth Century and Their Works," Houghton Mifflin, 1880; Henry T. Tucker-Tuckerman's "Book of the Artists, American Artist Life," Putnam, 1867, pp. 423-434.

The familiar patriotic painting of the three figures of the fifer and drummers, however, was painted from live subjects by Archibald M. Willard, a carriage painter of Wellington, Ohio. The date of the original sketch is given by Allen French as 1874 or 1875. It was originally entitled "Yankee Doodle." Willard used as subjects his father, a Baptist minister, his friend Hugh Mosher, and the thirteen-year-old son of Col. John H. Devereux. Exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, the painting was exhibited widely, then purchased by Colonel Devereux for his native Marblehead, Massachusetts, where it hangs in Abbot Hall. See "Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society," vol. 39, pp. 471-478.

Willard is not included in Webster's "Biographical Dictionary" because he was not a painter of consequence or known for any other achievement than this one painting. Matteson, on the other hand, was a historical and genre painter of note, a member of the National Academy, instructor of Elihu Vedder.

The public library at Sherburne, New York, owns Matteson's "Washington Crossing the Delaware" and other paintings by Matteson, writes Elizabeth Wood, Philadelphia retired art teacher, commenting at the same time on the coincidence that the "Washington Crossing the Delaware" with which we are most familiar was the work of Emanuel Leutze (1816-68), the original of which, historically incorrect as to flag, is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Matteson's is less well known.

Thus should our DC's, correct, incorrect, or apparently incorrect, broaden the scope of our knowledge and understanding!

DECEMBER 22, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 613

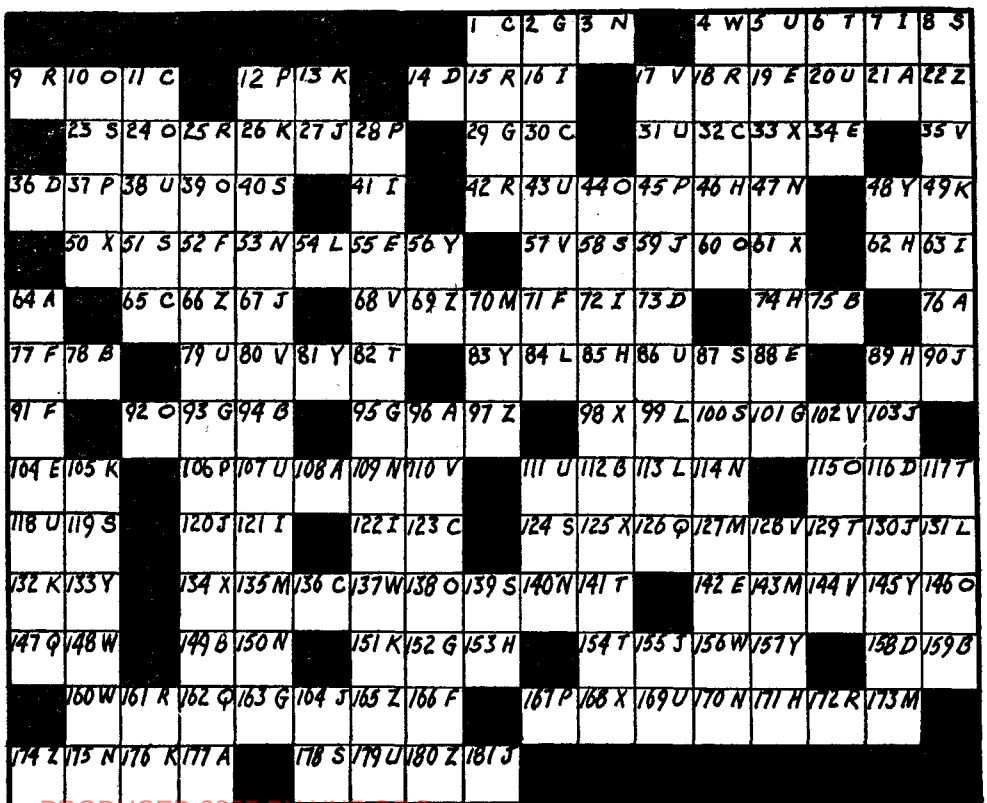
DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down, the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

	DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A.	One of a group of women devoted to the orgiastic worship of Dionysus (Gr. Relig.).	76 96 177 108 21 64
B.	High cone-shaped headdress with a veil (15th Cent.).	112 78 75 159 149 94
C.	So-called (2 wds.).	30 136 123 32 65 1 11
D.	A minor proghet (also O. T. Book).	14 36 116 158 73
E.	Group of fishes containing the eels (Zool.).	142 19 104 88 34 55
F.	An evil being, a devil (Bib. Deut.).	166 77 91 52 71
G.	One of the chief forms of Arabic and Persian script.	95 152 101 163 93 29 2
H.	Skillful to entangle; netlike.	171 153 89 74 62 46 85
I.	Pertaining to or suggestive of a snake or serpent.	41 16 72 7 122 63 121
J.	Pope Gregory VII's real name.	90 155 27 181 164 120 130 59 67 103
K.	In fact; really (Fr. phrase).	176 105 26 49 13 132 151
L.	To pass a rope through.	99 113 84 131 54
M.	Very stylish or smart (Slang).	135 70 127 143 173
N.	That which contains or realizes an end or final cause (Philos.).	3 150 140 47 53 170 109 175 114
O.	Hero of "Pilgrim's Progress."	60 44 24 146 92 10 39 115 138
P.	Equality (Law).	12 106 45 167 37 28
Q.	Land to which Cain went after killing Abel (Bib.).	147 126 162
R.	King of England (1135-54).	42 172 15 18 9 25 161
S.	Harmless; innocuous.	124 51 100 178 23 58 40 119 139 87 8
T.	American historian (1814-77).	154 6 117 82 129 141
U.	Son of Jonathan (Bib.).	31 20 43 5 179 169 86 79 107 118 111 38
V.	Prolific English historical novelist (1805-82).	17 144 102 128 35 80 57 68 110
W.	To modify the cast or hue of.	4 137 156 148 160
X.	To declaim or rail bitterly or violently (with "against").	134 125 33 50 168 98 61
Y.	Minced form of "God's blood" used as an oath.	48 133 145 56 83 81 157
Z.	Goddess of fertility and peace (Teut. Myth.).	180 97 22 174 69 66 165



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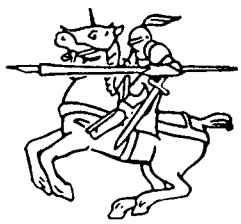

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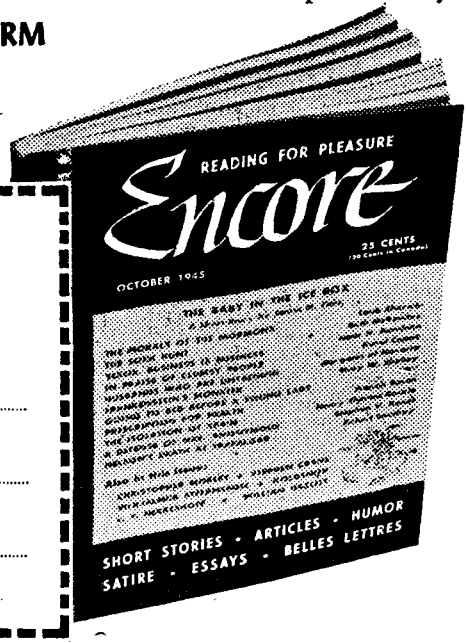

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